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The BYSTANDER

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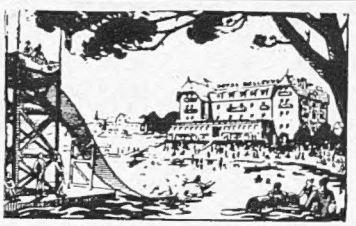

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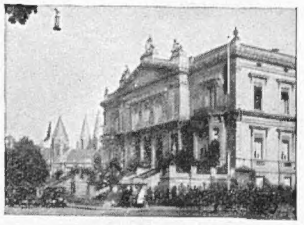

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The Bystander, May 31, 1933

No. 1537. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

DIANA WYNYARD

Appearing as Charlotte Brontë in "Wild Decembers," Clemence Dane's historical play, which was seen for the first time at the Apollo Theatre last Friday. Diana Wynyard's performance in the film version of "Cavalcade" proved her as great an artist on the screen as she is on the stage

Hullaballoo-Belay!

"Sea-Farers" at the Dreadnought Ball

Miss Pamela Bird, one of the "Younger Generation" Committee, who formed the guard of honour for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York, with Miss Billie Royds, daughter of Admiral Royds

Left: Lady Lloyd of Dolobran, one of the Vice-Chairmen, and Lady Howe, the Chairman, who received the guests with Lord Lloyd

Above: Lady Georgiana Curzon, joint Chairman of the Junior Committee, Mlle Livia Paravicini, and Miss Priscilla Weigall

Sir William and Lady Hyde Parker, who were on the Ball Committee, and Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Gardner. The Ball was held at the Dorchester, in aid of the Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich. This is a charity and not a Government Institution

Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, the First Sea Lord, Lady Chatfield, a deputy Chairman, Miss Angela and Miss Katherine Chatfield, and Mr. K. Rous. Mr. John Goss and his London Singers sang sea-chanties, which made the Ball an even more naval affair

"Sweet Youth and Tall"

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell

A new portrait of the elder daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, who is twenty this year, and one of the most charming of the ex-débutantes. Her mother is a daughter of the late Viscount Powerscourt, and a sister of the present peer. The Morrison-Bells have a place down in Devon

Right: Miss Anne Vesey is the younger daughter of Colonel the Hon. Osbert and Mrs. Vesey, and a niece of Viscount de Vesci. She is nineteen, and a very cheerful and attractive person. She has an elder sister, who married Captain W. D. Forbes, Coldstream Guards, last year. Her dog, who is such a good "sitter," is called Ginger

Miss Anne Vesey

Miss Myrtle Van de Weyer

The eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. W. J. B. Van de Weyer, is another popular member of the younger set. She is a first cousin of Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, her mother being Lord Powerscourt's eldest sister. Her family also live in the West Country, and have a place near Dorchester. She has two sisters, of whom the youngest, Miss Jasmine Van de Weyer, came out last year, and two brothers

Photographs by Tunbridge

ONCE again the cry goes up, "Who is for Le Touquet?" And the answer in Mayfair seems to be fairly unanimous. One of the events this Whitsun is the Summer Cup Tournament, which will be played on the new course and limited to men with a handicap of fifteen or better. A qualifying round against bogey is scheduled for June 3, and the entrance fee is twenty francs. But I can't yet discover for certain whether roulette is definitely going to be allowed in the casino.

MANY French visitors have come over to London for the Derby, including Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, who owns Rodosto, and her daughter, the Princesse de Broglie. All the astrologers say that France's star is in the ascendant, so, if you don't back Rodosto, and Rodosto wins, don't blame them—or me.

MEANTIME a good deal of high chemin-de-fer is played at least once a fortnight in the West End, in the sacred cause of charity. Great secrecy is observed, and the newspapers have not had a sniff of any of the parties, including that big one in Carlton House Terrace last week, which went on until long after dawn in the best casino tradition.

MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE, who is back again in his house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, was telling me at the cocktail-party his wife gave last week that throughout his year on the Riviera, from where he returned two months ago, he had a big and continuous success at the tables. I would love to see him drawing to a five, for the great humorist is a very solemn person in everyday life.

AT this party were the newly-engaged couple, Miss Ann Todd and Mr. Malcolm, Lady Malcolm's son. They are likely to be married on July 15th, Marie Tempest's birthday, if the management of the Lyric Theatre will give the bride permission to take at least a week's honeymoon leave.

Holloway

Above: Lady Elizabeth Murray, Miss Flora Fermor-Hesketh, Mr. T. S. Fermor-Hesketh, and his fiancée, Miss Eleanor Wendell, and Miss Louise Fermor-Hesketh between events at Towcester Races

Right: Lord and Lady Scone and their son, the Master of Scone. Lady Scone, who is the daughter of Sir Lancelot Carnegy, helped to organise the Green Ball in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund

Swaebe

Lord and Lady Scone

THE Duke of Westminster was back in London last week—and was dancing at Ciro's with Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell. He looked slimmer than on his last visit to London, but his hair looked a trifle greyer. There is now a coloured orchestra at this

Right: the Hon. James Bertie and his wife, who is Lord Bute's younger daughter, were photographed at a cocktail-party given by Lord and Lady Scone at their house in Princes Gardens

"My Lords, Ladies and Gentl

Lady Anne Hunloke, the Chairman of speaking at a meeting at Mrs. Loudou Lady St. John of Bletso is on the left, and

The Hon. James and Lady

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Horsburgh-Porter, who are honeymooning in Ireland, at Phœnix Park, where Mr. Horsburgh-Porter was playing for the All-Ireland Polo Club. He is the only son of Sir John Horsburgh-Porter, Bt., and is in the 12th Lancers

Below: Comte Jacques de Sibour's attractive wife is the daughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge. The Comtesse de Sibour lives mostly in Paris; she does a lot of flying, and is a good shot. The Sibours have a son of eleven, and a baby daughter

Poole, Dublin

In Ireland

...men, pray silence for . . ."

...the Great Fosters Ball Committee, Maclean's Park Lane house. Mrs. Roland Robinson on the right

Swaebe

Jean Bertie

Lenare

The Comtesse de Sibour

Club, about whose music there seems to be a wide variance of opinion. Two of the men wear spectacles—a rare thing to see on negroes. These coloured musicians, with one exception, are Empire grown, and come from the West Indies.

TO-MORROW (Thursday), Nash's Club is annexing a large part of the Carlton Hotel for their annual wake. Nash's, practically the pioneer of the small mixed club, has lived to see at least a dozen imitators—the latest of which is the Garter Club, in Grosvenor Street. These little places are becoming more and more of a menace to the big social clubs, few of which have cocktail bars, and all of which have heavy entrance fees and annual subscriptions.

THERE are now an increasing number of places in the West End where one can sit and drink out of doors. Besides Antoine's, in Charlotte Street, you have Oddenino's, in Regent Street, the roof garden of the Gargoyle, and now the

balcony or verandah of the Dorchester. This has become very popular in the last few days, particularly for lunch. It is slightly unnerving, however, to have people on the tops of omnibuses watching you eat asparagus.

THE two chief concerts of last week were both very successful. One was given at the Queen's Hall by George Chavchavadze, who has long ago dropped his title of Prince for professional purposes.

Right: Lady Charles Cavendish, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Maud Baillie and Lady Isobel Manners after opening a British Legion Fête at Ashford Hall, Derbyshire

A Wedding to Come

Miss Ann Todd and Mr. Victor Neill Malcolm, second son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm, of Poltalloch, announced their engagement last week. Miss Todd, who is now playing a leading part in Rachel Crowther's comedy, "When Ladies Meet," is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Todd

The other was the celebrity concert attended by the Duchess of York in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

YESTERDAY there were simply dozens of parties given in Mayfair. The Maharajah of Rajpipla gave one at the Monseigneur. Mr. and Mrs. Patsy Richardson gave one which began at the Five Hundred Club at 8.30. Miss Valerie Lynch gave an Odd Bottle party in Gloucester Place. Mrs. Arthur Wendell gave one at Claridge's. And there were several others.

THE most interesting dinner of the week was that of the Garden Society, which meets three or four times a year. The members are all owners of famous gardens throughout the country, and include Lord Crawford, Lord Headfort, Sir William Lawrence, and Mr. Lionel Rothschild. Each of them arrives with his choicest bloom, and sticks it proudly in a vase in front of his plate at the table. Last week at the Dorchester, the table was covered with superb roses, magnificent chrysanthemums, ravishing rhododendrons, and glorious carnations, as well as orchids, one of which was mauve, and worth £100, having taken fifteen years to bring to flower.

BRIDGWATER HOUSE was once again the scene last week of the reception at which the Princess Royal, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots, had an At Home for the officers and wives of that Regiment. Chesterfield House used to be the place at which this was held, but when the Princess Royal moved to Green Street, it was found that her new home was far too small.

THE Empire and the Carlton Theatres are both becoming more and more popular with Mayfair. In the evening, if you stand outside after the last performance, you will see numbers of well-known faces.

Hay Wrightson

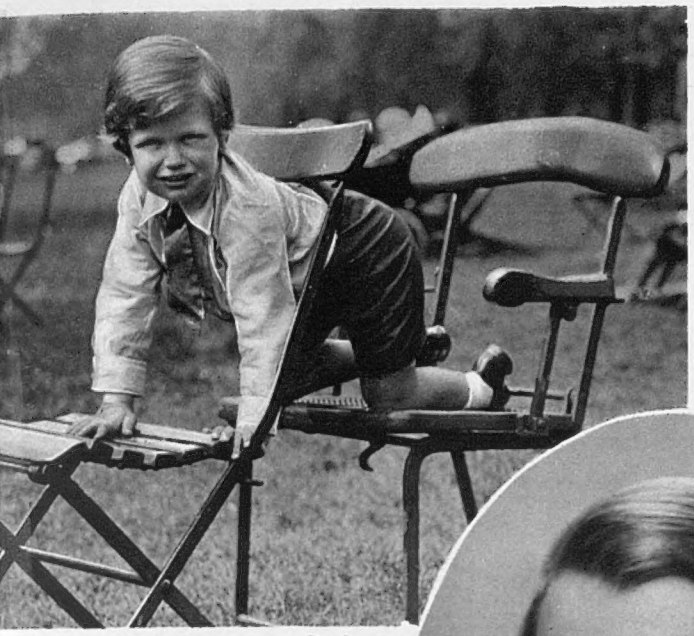
Miss Primrose Gordon

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, Salisbury, is engaged to Mr. Peter Hervey-Bathurst, Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst's eldest son

THE most interesting dance of the week was undoubtedly that of Mrs. Edward Wyndham for her daughter Ursula, for it took place at Sunderland House, that big, square mansion in Curzon Street which was built as a wedding present for Consuelo Vanderbilt on her marriage to the Duke of Marlborough. It is the first time a dance has been held there since the war. There were about five hundred guests, among them Lord Blandford, who must have been particularly interested at seeing its handsome interior once again.

Late Night Fina

Mrs. Derek Murphy, one of London's having supper with Lord Blandford, after



Swaebe

Left: Lord Primrose, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery's four-year-old son, playing what looks a good kind of chair game, in the Park

Below: Mrs. John Dewar, before her marriage last year, was Mrs. K. McNeill. She and Mr. Dewar have been altering and settling into Homestall, their lovely old East Grinstead house, where Mr. Dewar keeps his prize poultry, bees, racing pigeons, Sealyhams, and greyhounds

Lenare

Mrs. John Dewar

The *Bedtime Story*, in which Maurice Chevalier is appearing at the Carlton, is having a great success. Lady Plunket, Miss Edith Baker, and Jeff Dickson were some of the people at it the other evening. Incidentally, Baby Leroy is so charming that he may start quite a rush of motherhood in Mayfair.

THE Café de Paris still continues to be crowded, with Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell as the entertainers. The smartest place in which to sit now is the little coupé, as they call the section of the balcony which has now been enclosed with glass doors. Incidentally, Poulsen was saying the other night that the Pavilion Club at Datchet is having a great success in the hot weather. He should know.

THE luncheon given at Olympia previous to the opening of the Royal Tournament was a cheery affair, in which faith, hope and charity were nicely blended. Faith in the Press to give a show, which does not require it, all due publicity, and hope that the profits will be bigger than ever next year for the charities which benefit. Lord Hailsham, having previously buried his head in his hands as if in prayer, made a witty speech, in which he pulled the leg of Lord Riddell, the League of Nations and Mr. H. A. Gwynne, editor of the *Morning Post*, who was also "among those present."

Swaebe

Sir John and Lady Dashwood were both at the Dreadnought Ball, one of the most important of last week's charity affairs

Swaebe

A Party for Two

most attractive acquisitions from Canada, he had closed up his shop for the night

Lady Mary Egerton, her sister, Lady Anne Babington, and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys were three of the "decorations" at the recent Southern Command Horse Show down at Tidworth

THE Tournament is better than ever this year, and there is endless variety, with horses on view which will mitigate in some measure regret at the abandonment of this year's Horse Show. Lord Hailsham was right when he said that the Royal Tournament was "a horse-show, a circus, and a tattoo—all for the same money."

NEXT week's Summer Number of THE BYSTANDER inaugurates several new regular features. "Music—and All That . . ." by a well-known critic; "Celebrities in Cameo"; "Standing By," a topical weekly commentary; as well as "The Mirror in Mayfair," by "Quicksilver," and "Hot-Pot," dealing with social sidelights; while books will be reviewed by A. G. Macdonell, author of *England, Their England*.

A Racing Reverie:

Devoted to the Derby: By "Regular"

Mrs. C. H. Liddell and Mrs. Fawcett, two fair spectators at the Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases

HAVING made yourself indispensable to your rich friends, you get invited, but that doesn't mean you 'll see much of the race. Not more than one person can see a race with comfort from a box, and anybody who has paid through the nose for one invariably fills it with everyone he owes a dinner to. However, the people in front will always tell you what 's won.

Lord Stanley, Lord Rosebery, Lady Rosebery, and Lady Bullough in the paddock and finding the racing and sunshine enjoyable at Lingfield

AND so he 's left you, and I can't altogether say I blame him. In the shelter of the Members', he can eat, drink (I 'll say he can !), and bet (and how !) to his heart's content. Unhampered by female attendants, who want ninepence each way, and well clear of bookmakers' runners, who knock you base over apex in their endeavour to tell Mo and Issy that the Blower Man 's taken all the sixes, I can assure you he 's having the time of his life.

EPSOM is about the only place in the world where men are still supreme, and you "lovelies" are 33 to 1 offered and no takers. I think you 're all grand, and no one appreciates the decorative effect you have on our racecourses more than I do. At the same time, I must admit that the four days' racing I like best during the year are the four days at Epsom, when I look at you across the fence.

THERE 's lots of good fun to be had as a member of this famous course, with bars at every turn, and bookmakers enfilading you from three sides. A number of gentlemen who have seen better days and have now virtually retired from the Turf are always to be seen at Epsom, and it 's rollicking fun to watch these said gentlemen avoiding the eye of the bookmaker across the rails to whom they happen to owe money.

I HAVE never been able to understand why the backer who never pays is the hell of a good fellow; while the bookmaker who defaults is an unmitigated scoundrel.

Now for a bit of advice to those who are going to the Derby. A number of people, of course, commence preparations about March. They discover which of their acquaintances are going to have a Box, and they never leave them alone till they get "their invite."

YOU 'LL have a lovely time, however, between the races, when most of the occupants have either gone to the paddock or the bar. Thoroughly "Box-conscious," you can lean over the side and, the chances are, get spotted by a gossip-writer down below, who 'll give you a lovely "write-up."

So much for those who 've "cadged" a place in a box. Now for the "unfortunates"—and I mean the word to be construed in its very "nicest" sense. Well, if your young man 's worth your bothering about, and if he meant even half he said going home in the taxi the other evening, he will have "socked" you a stall, and, if he has, you will sit up on that terrace affair, all by yourself, on a very hard wooden chair, looking like a member of a mixed choir, prepared to burst forth into song at any moment.

If he really cares two hoots about you, he will join you between races and stand you a drink at that comic little bar at the back of the stalls. You will be very happy there, and get rather "muzzy," and say a lot of things you don't mean, and bet in sums you never dreamed of. So much for those with stalls.

IF, on the other hand, he 's just another of those "take-all's" and "give-nothing's," you probably intend to spend the day in Tattersall's. Well, my advice to all you "lovelies" who contemplate taking such a step is to think it over very seriously, and if, after due consideration, you enter upon it, don't write and complain to Uncle Regular if you return home that evening with your dress all torn and the imprint of the footwear of a bookmaker's runner on either instep.

MUCH better get all Eleanor Smith-like, and have a day with the gipsies. Park your car on the Downs, take a picnic (this will get me in wrong with the caterers), and I 'll guarantee you 'll enjoy yourself, for although you won't see all the race by a long way, you 'll see Heaven knows how many hundred thousand people enjoying themselves, and you 'll be taking part in the most wonderful pageant of fun in the whole world.

IT won't cost you much, either—no, not even if you go the whole hog and spare a penny for the baby, cross the gipsy's palm with silver ("'cos you 've got a lucky face"), have a shy at the cocoanuts, a ride on the swings, purchase six winners "what can't get beat," and, finally, patronise the accommodation.

AND when you get home, there 's one thing you 've got to do, no matter whether you 've spent the day in the Members', in a box, in the bar, in Tattersall's, or with the gipsies—you 've got to go to the Dorchester for the Horse-shoe Ball.

ONE of the objects of this Ball is to purchase up our old war horses in Egypt who are nearly worn out, and working in the most appalling conditions imaginable. That these gallant old fellows should ever have been allowed to get into the hands of their inhuman masters is a direct reflection on those responsible, and if we are to recover our prestige as lovers of animals, we must do all in our power to rescue them from their servitude. Lord Lonsdale is President of the Ball, and all those who go will not only help in a worthy cause, but will be assured of a wonderful evening.

NEVER has there been such a Derby, and many people wouldn't guarantee to give you the winner in a dozen picks. Our three-year-old colts may be bad, but that doesn't mean the Derby is any less thrilling—in fact, I 'm inclined to believe that the uncertainty even adds to the excitement.

PERSONALLY, though, I 'm not in the least uncertain. I don't very often give you a tip—for which I expect you 're truly thankful—but when I do I make no bones about it. I can't stand these journalists who "shilly-shally" with their ifs and buts. So here goes. The Derby will either be won by Felicitation or Hyperion, or they will dead-heat; while Betty, will, of course, win the Oaks.

Festivities : Bridal and Otherwise

The Animals' Hospital Ball, given in aid of the Royal Veterinary College, at the Dorchester, was well attended, and should add materially to the funds of this deserving charity. Among the guests were the Hon. Mrs. David Arbuthnot and Mr. Ian Sinclair, seen above, left, Sir Merrik Burrell and Mrs. Musker, left; and below, the Hon. Nancy Allsopp can be seen having her portrait made in silhouette

Mr. George Ellis Blundell, who was married last week to Miss Betty Hardicker at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The photograph below shows the bridal couple leaving the church

Above: Mr. Archibald Cockburn with his bride, Miss Jacqueline Trotter, who is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Trotter, C.B., seen leaving the church after their marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

The opening of the Royal Tournament at Olympia, which is a better show than ever this year, was inaugurated by a luncheon at which there was a battle of wits between Lord Hailsham and Lord Riddell. Below is Lord Riddell, who effected a most creditable verbal draw, and the Earl of Stanhope

Lord Riddell and the Earl of Stanhope

A First-of-June Bride

The Rajah of Sarawak's Daughter

Paul Tanqueray

Miss Leonora Brooke

The Earl of Inchcape and Miss Leonora Brooke are being married to-morrow, and are to have a quiet morning wedding, with no reception. Miss Brooke, who is twenty-two, is the eldest of the three daughters of T.H. the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, Sir Charles Vyner and Lady Brooke. Sir Charles Brooke succeeded his father in 1917 as the only hereditary white ruler of an Indian State; Lady Brooke is the daughter of the late Viscount Esher

"The Late Christopher Bean" at the St. James's

No, this is not a sale, but admirers of the late Christopher Bean disputing for his valuable works. Mrs. Haggett (Louise Hampton) hangs on to the paintings, while her daughter (Nadine March) hangs on to Gwenny (Edith Evans), the maid, and rightful owner

Torn between a sense of shame and a sense of cupidity, Dr. Haggett (Cedric Hardwicke) looked on with mingled feeling

At the Theatre

Avarice and Arias

"The Late Christopher Bean" (St. James's)

THE tubercular Bean that was Christopher died owing his benefactor, the village Doctor, twenty pounds, and leaving behind a score of pictures. On the back of one, Ada Haggett, the Doctor's elder daughter, had perpetrated a monstrosity of buttercups. Some stopped leaks in chicken-houses and attic; the majority were eventually sentenced to the bonfire by the Doctor's wife. Only Gwenny, the Welsh maid-of-all-work, treasured hers, a portrait of herself scraping carrots, for sentimental reasons. The dead artist had taught her all she knew, and would never forget, about beauty and love.

While the Doctor and his family squabble over money, Christopher Bean has become famous. His pictures command fabulous prices. His letters, appearing in the *London Mercury*, enumerate every picture he ever painted. The Doctor himself is made known to the world as a kindly creditor knowing nothing of medicine, looking like a gargoyle and with ideas of art worthy of the lower animals.

Forthwith the Haggett parlour is besieged by treasure-hunters. First comes the forger of masters, old or new, then a crooked dealer, and finally a famous art critic. Gone is the homely atmosphere of honest pinch-and-scrape. The genial caricature of lower middle-class provincialism takes on sharper edges. Soon avarice turns it into a searching satire as the fun waxes fast and furious. The Doctor disintegrates under the strain.

Everything turns on Gwenny's portrait, Bean's last and crowning work of genius. Gwenny, ignorantly adamant, matches her romantic simplicity against deception, bluff and deliberate theft. It is touch and go to the end, with the interest rising on tenterhooks of laughter and excitement.

This capital piece, originally René Fauchois' *Prenez Garde à la Peinture*, has travelled miraculously well from the French provinces to the borders of Wales. Avarice in the villas of the Midlands has less sting than its counterpart in Gallic one-horse towns. This vital difference in national temperament might have tempted the adapter to hustle comedy into farce. Emlyn Williams has avoided all the cross-Channel rocks, and, with a keen eye for character and local colour, given us a picture alive with humour and humanity.

From wig to trouser-clips, Cedric Hardwicke's shabby country doctor is an old master fit to rank with any young Bean. Round this pivotal period piece the play revolves with unflagging momentum. Louise Hampton's shrugs, slaps and silences convey the whole doubt and drudgery of villadom in a few maternal strokes. Nadine March is the compleat shrew; Lucile Lisle and Barry K. Barnes play the young lovers nicely; Robert Holmes and Clarence Derwent are a lively pair of art crooks; and Frederick Leister is an interesting critic. In this welter of talent the achievement of Edith Evans in hitching the play to her apron-strings is worthy of a whole Cromlech of Welsh wizards. That's acting, that was!

"Music in the Air" (His Majesty's)

THIS tempting mixture of rustic sentiment and back-stage satire descends from the Bavarian Uplands via *White Horse Inn* and *Autumn Crocus* to *The Cat and the Fiddle*. On the sentimental side are the white mountains, the village school, a dear old composer (Horace Hodges), who cribs a ditty from a linnet and hikes to Munich to have it published, along with the other mountain climbers, his innocent daughter (Eve Lister), and the village schoolmaster (Bruce Carfax).

Satire, at the expense of musical-comedy and the artistic temperament, appears appropriately in the office of the publisher (C. V. France), where the star (Mary Ellis) quarrels realistically with the composer (Arthur Margetson), makes eyes at the schoolmaster and carries him off to the Zoo. The composer retaliates by doing likewise with the village maiden, leaving the old buffers to wax sentimental over wine and memories.

So far, so very good. The gentleman's agreement between composer Jerome Kern and author Oscar Hammerstein, whereby dialogue and music are mutually derivative, is cute and spontaneous. The burlesque of the new unfinished operetta is brilliantly built up. The old formula of Opening Choruses—cue for song—dance and exit—and so on, seems mediæval by comparison with this technique of disguised impromptu. Unfortunately, a dull patch set in half-way through the last Act when the theatrical folk deserted burlesque and took rehearsals seriously. The star had fled jealously to Berlin, and the village songstress had been given the part. We knew she would be a failure, and she was. But they seemed unconscionably slow in packing her off to Bavaria.

The plum of the evening is the discovery, new to most of us, that Mary Ellis can sing like an angel as well as act like a witch. Superb! Jerome Kern's delightful music will be in and on the air for a long time to come. The entire cast, including a somersaulting bear, cover themselves with glory, and the décor and dresses, needless to say, worthily uphold the Cochran tradition.

TRINCULO.

Portrait of a Bean-Stalker

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

THE other day the House of Commons were discussing unemployment. Now it is true that, at the moment, we are primarily interested in Messrs. Roosevelt and Hitler, but it seems strange, to say the least of it, that less than forty M.P.'s can bother to turn up to discuss what is of far more importance to the majority of their countrymen.

ONE in a family who is out of work means a feeling of depression in the whole family. It is all very well for Sir Henry Betterton, the Minister of Labour, to point to the number of those who are in work and say he prefers to look at it that way. Of course he does ; it makes him appear in a far better light. But it doesn't do away with the fact that two-and-a-half million people are still unemployed, and until most of them are in work again, the Government will be held to have failed.

THERE lies the condemnation of the members who sat in the smoking-rooms or the bars of the House instead of listening to Sir Henry's report, and being ready (some of them) with advice or criticism. Other occasions bring them forth.

I DO not go so far as Dr. Salter, but I do say that a sense of duty is surprisingly lacking in the present House. If something comes up which affects members personally, and especially their pockets, the Chamber is full. Unfortunately, there is no way by which constituents can know what their M.P. is doing ; unless their M.P.'s opponent happens to come and spy out the land.

ONE member, for instance, who sits for an agricultural division, must be continually on tenter-hooks, for he is continually under fire. The man whom he will fight at the next Election, day after day, night after night, watches him from the Press Gallery ; and at week-ends the countryside has the benefit of two Parliamentary reports !

SIR HENRY BETTERTON remains quite unknown to the general public, like most of his Cabinet colleagues. Nineteen men in the Cabinet, and how many of them are anything more than names outside their own immediate circles ?

THEY would realise the danger they are courting if, to some of the anxious inquirers that are about these days, they had to justify their positions. Why is Mr. Ormsby-Gore the First Commissioner of Works ? Why is Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister the Secretary of State for the Colonies ? And we would all like to know why Lord Sankey continues to be Lord Chancellor.

THERE must be something in Wallsend that is favourable to the development of women M.P.'s. Miss Margaret Bondfield (where is she, by the way ?) used to sit for there, and she was the first woman to hold Cabinet rank. Now Miss Irene Ward, who defeated Miss Bondfield at the last Election, looks like being the second. She is not only capable and original, but quiet and unassuming ; she is very well liked. Some of the other ladies in the House would do well to diagnose her success.

Above : Sir Robert Bird, the Member for Wolverhampton West, and Miss Pamela Bird were guests at a recent wedding

Right : another M.P. on the same occasion : Colonel Hamilton Gault, who represents Taunton, and Mrs. Hamilton Gault

I HAVE been studying the latest edition of my old friend, the *Parliamentary Gazette*. It brings us from the start of this Parliament in November, 1931, down to last Easter. Sir Henry Betterton, I find, has had most questions put to him ; so, obviously, Members have learned how they can give the impression of sympathising with their unemployed constituents without actually putting themselves to any trouble.

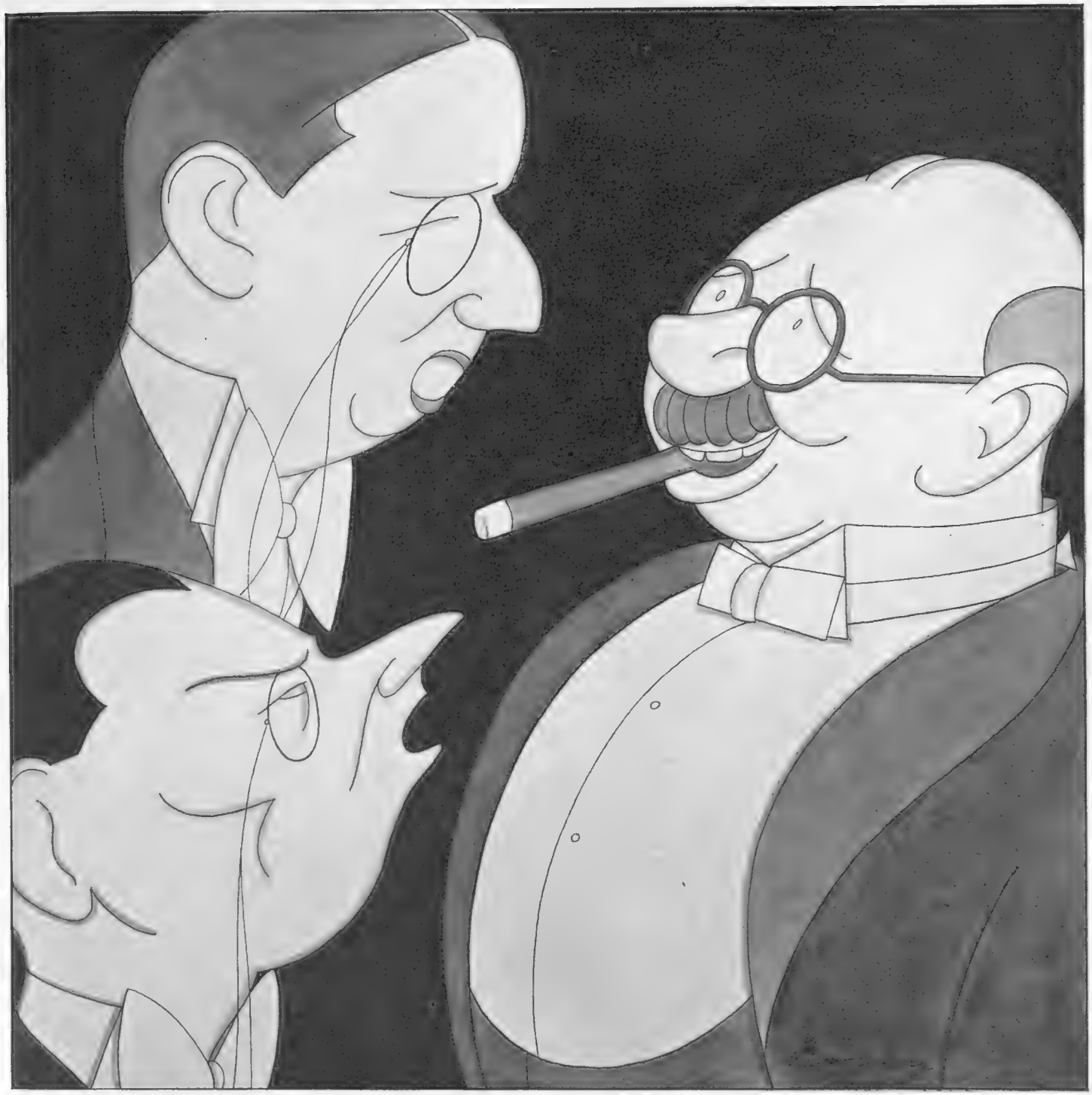
NEXT on the list is Sir Samuel Hoare, which is hardly surprising. I wonder how many of his answers gave any satisfaction. Thirdly, Mr. Runciman ; industry has always seen to it that its views are kept well to the fore. The F.B.I. knows its business.

MR. TOM WILLIAMS's thirst for knowledge is almost insatiable. I described him here some time ago as the Socialist Encyclopædia, for he imparts information as readily as he asks for it. He is in the first dozen of those who have had the most to say, only a head behind his namesake, Mr. Herbert G., the Jack-in-the-box from Croydon.

As Back-Benchers, they are both beaten in talking by Mr. Buchanan, from Glasgow, but then he is Mr. Maxton's right-hand man and often has to be official spokesman for his distinguished party of three. I hear that Sir John Lavery's portrait of Mr. Maxton in the Academy has been a shock for some of the more ardent and extreme of his supporters.

SOUTH KENSINGTON, in the person of Sir William Davison, had a good many questions that wanted answering, but I think it was Captain Peter Macdonald who sought light in his darkness rather than his constituency, the Isle of Wight, which made him Sir William's runner-up.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD enjoys being a member ; it is refreshing to see anyone so obviously delighted with Parliament's importance. He is one of the Social M.P.'s known as well outside Westminster as he is in. He is here, there, and everywhere, but sometimes I wonder if he is taken quite as seriously as he considers that he should be.



Delirious Dialogues: No. 15. Mr. J. H. Thomas and The Western Brothers

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

Western Brothers: *Frightfully glad to meet you, Mr. Thomas. Terribly, terribly nice. Amazing whoopee.*

J. H. Thomas: *Good h'evening. 'Aven't I seen you before somewhere. H'it must 'ave been at Quag's the other night.*

Western Brothers: *Really! How charming! We didn't notice you, Sir. Were you wearing your old school tie?*

J. H. Thomas: *Come off it! You carn't pull my leg. I was h'in h'evening dress. H'and besides, I never 'ad a school tie. Where I went to school we didn't 'ave no collars, let alone no ties. Yes. I started life has an h'engine driver, h'and worked my way h'up to this. Pretty good show, eh?*

Western Brothers: *Amazing. And how did you like* our *show?*

J. H. Thomas: *I liked that little thing you sang h'about "charmin'" people. H'us blokes h'in the h'Upper Ten h'appreciates a song like that. H'all that stuff h'about "playin' the game" h'and "standin' by the H'Old Country."*

Western Brothers: *By the way, how are your jolly old plans for Empire Trade joggin' along?*

J. H. Thomas: *Not too good—h'and that's not for want of tryin'. I 'ave h'explored h'every h'avenue h'and left no stone h'unturned—*

Western Brothers *(to each other)*: *It just* had *to happen in the end!*

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

"Well played, Harrow"

Hugh Wyld wearing his old school tie

Now that cricket is once more waging its daily battle with racing for first place in the sports columns of the newspapers, it seems to be time for a Stock Exchange Eleven to be put into the field against all comers. The selection committee, having taken expert advice, suggest that the following side should put on their old school ties and go to the wicket in the order given—with all deference, of course, to the man in command—

R. H. Twining	(Middlesex)
G. T. S. Stevens	(Middlesex)
P. R. Johnson	(Somerset)
H. D. G. Leveson-Gower	(Surrey) Captain
J. C. W. MacBryan	(Somerset)
H. J. Enthoven	(Middlesex)
S. A. P. Kitcat	(Gloucester)
B. L. Bisgood	(Somerset)
L. L. Burtt	(Middlesex)
G. M. Louden	(Essex)
H. J. Wyld	(Middlesex)
Twelfth man: A. J. Evans	(Kent)

Dick Twining has three claims to fame which deserve to be put on record here. The first is that he must by now be one of the few cricketers who played at Lord's against Harrow in a losing Eton eleven. (No correspondence on this subject is invited, but other claims will be investigated and duly acknowledged.) His second feat is to have scored a hundred against Surrey in a memorable match in 1921, when Middlesex last won the County Championship. And, thirdly, he once made five runs in the Fathers' match at his son's school, which was nearly enough to shatter all small boys' faith in human nature. Dick Twining is a broker, and very popular in the House. His wife, who is a clever organiser, is running the Eton Ball this year.

Greville Stevens (Middlesex and England) was a schoolboy prodigy, and has the unique distinction of having played for the Gentlemen against the Players while he was still at school. He captained Oxford in 1921, and dropped Jardine from the side to meet Cambridge (Jardine had hurt a knee; more leg-theory?). He looks extraordinarily young, which is partly due to his cherubic expression.

P. R. Johnson (Somerset), a cautious man, is always a bear. His favourite saying is "Trees never grow to heaven."

"Shrimp" Leveson-Gower, the captain, is all S's—Shrimp, Surrey, Selector, Scarborough (he runs the Scarborough Cricket Festival), and was once called "Snipe" by mistake by "W. G." His form is too well known to need repeating here.

He is followed by J. C. W. MacBryan, a Cambridge and Somerset cricketer, and H. J. Enthoven, the present Middlesex captain, who hit two sixes into the landaus at Lord's—but still Harrow didn't win.

S. A. P. Kitcat played for Gloucester under "W. G."; did he see Ernest Jones bowl through the great man's beard? He has already appeared on this page ("Not a rolling stone").

Then follow B. L. Bisgood, who made a hundred in his first County match for Somerset, and L. L. Burtt (Middlesex), who is the present Chairman and all that of the Hampstead C.C. Thanks to him, the ladies there are having a special pavilion erected for them. He is a jobber, and is really quite a cheerful person.

G. M. Louden is the Essex fast bowler; he and Johnny Douglas were regulars to go on with a new ball. He played for the Gentlemen v. Australia in 1921 with success. Hugh Wyld is another bowler whose name is writ in the annals of cricket. He played in four Harrow elevens, and one winning side. His most wildly applauded performance was as a batsman, when, at Lord's in his first County match, he remained at the wicket for fourteen minutes without once connecting. He was then bowled all ends up. This story is in the official history of Middlesex cricket, and is one he likes to tell against himself.

Johnny Evans has just sent in his resignation from the Stock Exchange, and is, therefore, put in as twelfth man. He is, perhaps, best known to the post-war generation of sportsmen through his famous war-book, *The Escaping Club*.

To turn from one game to another, W. L. R. P. S. Blennerhassett's "Yo-Yo" case was a most unlucky affair. It was unfortunate that he took the ragging in the House seriously, and did not laugh it and the absurdity of the advertisement off. He might even have looked on the whole thing as good advertisement for himself. As we remarked last week, to be ragged by the House is to be known, and to survive the ragging adequately is to gain distinction. He was unlucky in having been advised to bring the case, and even more unlucky in coming up against Sir Patrick Hastings, who missed no chance of a joke. His descriptions of the House as "the home of practical jokes, laughter, and cheering," and "a place where they burnt a piece of paper, or did something with a hat, or surrounded a man and danced," make it sound like a Viennese café or a village social. Incidentally, Mr. Blennerhassett was well known for the extremely able Secret Service work he did in the war and after.

Greville Stevens

The Schoolboy Prodigy

"Shrimp" Leveson-Gower

The Skipper

Swarbe

Lady Marion Philipps, Mr. Niall Rankin, Lady Jean Rankin, Lady Marion Philipps's sister, and Mr. Hanning Philipps all dining "down by the river-side" at Datchet

A party of two dining at the same river-side club at Datchet were Mrs. V. Kennedy and Lord Portarlington

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

I HAVE noted—
Lady Smiley very "un-Beaton" in a simple pink evening frock.
Evelyn Laye's false-hair tiara (they are smart).
The enormous wrist-watch on the wrist of Lady Bridget Poulett's fair unknown partner.

I ADMIRE the Duchess of Leinster. She has poise and charm, and dresses, as she walks, with distinction. What a lot of controversy there is about another Duchess just now. . . .

DOES a racing motorist like everything speedy?

IN white organdie—fresh and crisp—Lady Diana Cooper—so very English.
Lady Kemball-Cooke—so very Russian.

COURT pars. (we must be grand sometimes)—
Lady Zetland's tiara was gigantic.
Mrs. Winston Churchill easily eclipsed her daughters.
Miss Kitty Fullerton looked very pretty.

I DON'T like the black with red-pleated shoulder frills dress which is being worn by Lady Dufferin and the Grand Duke Dmitri's lovely wife. Both look their best in simple colours and unfussy lines.

PEOPLE who kiss on by-passes should beware of passers-by. Those with initials in the first four letters of the alphabet should take warning—a "dear friend" is talking.

VIVACIOUS people—
Lady Birkenhead—always amusing and so quick-witted.
Mrs. Woolley-Hart—always smiling.
Lady Maureen Stanley—beauty, brains, and "pep."

NOT so vivacious—
Lady Baillie—but she is decorative.
Lady Adare—she seems to be looking for amusement.
Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger—I would like to see her laugh.

MRS. JOHN BAILEY (yes, I mean Diana Churchill), has unusual looks which are very attractive. I like her mouth, which is definitely witty, and I love her large eyes. She appears very happy, and it is understandable with her nice husband.

THE busiest and most successful organisers in London at the moment are Mrs. Frank Braham, with goodness knows how many charities on her capable hands, and Miss Vacani, with goodness knows how many children preparing for her matinée. How I admire them both: their patience, good temper, and determination are amazing.

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
Though she knows where to find him.
"Leave him alone
And he'll come home,
Leaving his girl-friend behind him"
(when he's tired of her).

WHY is the lady with the little dogs so angry with her extra good-looking husband? Do forgive him again!

GLIMPSED—
Roy Royston jumping for joy in Bruton Street.
Princess Arthur walking with a very straight back in Bond Street.
Penelope Dudley-Ward very lovely in a small car.

WILL, oh! will there be an engagement between the two best-looking of all the youngers. Tall, distinguished, intelligent, and well-dressed—and thin, perfectly lovely, dark, and a captivating smile.

"BABY" JUNGMAN is a darling, and we wish her every happiness with Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith. She has a sweet character and has, perhaps, been a little overshadowed by her mother's tremendous personality. However, she has a great sense of humour and doesn't laugh at her own jokes!

WHAT is this new intrigue over political luncheon parties?
Surely it would be wiser to let sleeping dogs lie, plump hostess?

I'M sorry, but with all these engagements I must revise my list of eligible bachelors. There is, of course, still Lord Sefton, Lord Moore, Lord Rosse, Sir Ian Walker, and, among the workers, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Ivor Novello, Mr. Cecil Beaton, and Lord Donegall.

PARTY Props—
Lady Worthington-Evans dances well.
Miss Gladys Sammut listens well.
Mrs. John Mason laughs well.
Nancy Mitford talks well.

WHAT happened over the week-end at a small old-world country house? Why did the most charming guest leave on Sunday afternoon, and isn't the hostess a little sorry now?

DEVIKA RANI, the Indian film star, is entrancingly beautiful. I have seldom seen a more appealing face and eyes we all dream of possessing.

D

The two comedians, Laurel and Hardy, seen in a new form of rôle at the Empire Theatre in the operatic "Fra Diavolo"

"Laurel and Hardy in 'Fra Diavolo'"

The Passing Picture Show

The Unhappy Mean !

By

Sydney Tremayne

Dennis King and Thelma Todd, who provide the romantic interest in "Fra Diavolo" at the Empire

NOTHING leaves the critical faculties so apathetic as mediocrity. The red blood of inspiration flows in the critic's veins, good blue ink from his pen, at the call of a subject superlatively good or superlatively bad—but adjectives and adverbs shrink back to the seclusion of the theosaurus and sentences refuse to take shape or make sense when he is confronted with the mediocre.

What they call "the film offerings" of the moment seem to have sunk to a depressing dead level of ordinariness. The diploma of public approval keeps going a few selected "supers": *Cavalcade*, *Kid from Spain*, and *42nd Street*, and there is the promise of interesting pictures in the near future, such as Walter Huston in *Gabriel Over the White House*, and the Rasputin picture in which the whole of the Barrymore family and Diana Wynyard appear. The latter will be a "riot," if not a revolution ! But the momentary lull is not inspiring.

NOTE that two of the current successes are "musicals," and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's contribution to the new epidemic is *Fra Diavolo*, a film version of a one-time, long-time popular comic opera. But this picture makes it clear that they cannot rest on their Laurels and Hardys. A goodly part of the picture is devoted to the would-be comicality of the famous duo, as Stanlio and Olio, in costume-rags, mounted on mules, with temporary commissions in a band of brigands under the leadership of the Devil's Brother, alias the Marquis de San Marco. But in these rôles, they neither burlesque Quixote and Sancho Panza (an opportunity lost !) nor achieve the humour of the inimitably contrasted combination of their earlier successes.

LAUREL and Hardy have changed their methods and screen personalities with lamentable results. The thin, wan, wistful clown, monosyllabic victim of misfortunes due to his own folly, has become plump and garrulous. In proportion to his partner's increased girth and volubility, fat Oliver's humour seems to have shrunk and his petulant expostulations lose their sting.

"Slap-stick" must have some originality of action or repartee and, in *Fra Diavolo*, the erstwhile funny pair have not a single new gag or unexpected adventure.

What charm the picture has lies in Auber's tuneful, familiar airs and the comely, felicitous presence of Dennis King, whose singing and acting have the suavity and assurance of admirable professionalism, in the rôle of bandit-chief who also acts to perfection the handsome and exquisite aristocrat, for the purpose of stealing hearts and other valuables from lovely and susceptible ladies.

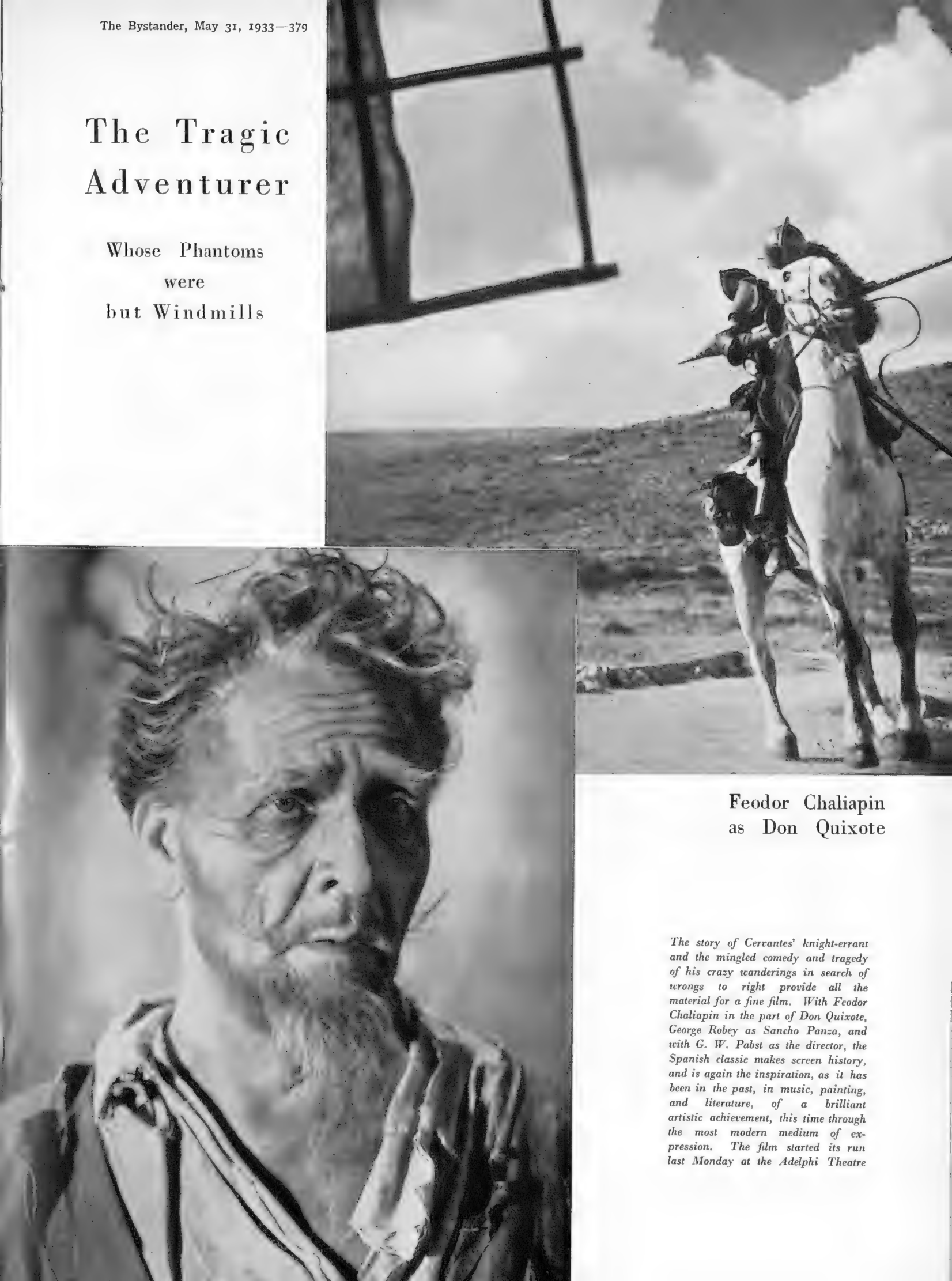
THELMA TODD is the very epitome of the Lady of the Petticoats from every costume comic opera (what a heroine for *La Poupée* !). No actress is called upon to evince emotional sincerity wearing a becurled white wig, topped by a tilted wreath of roses, encased in tiny corsets, "hoops" and a dozen skirts, beneath which are hidden the banknotes belonging to a comic elderly husband as well as her provocatively lovely legs (the "naughtiness" of this part of the story is as discreetly disguised as are lady's charms !). But Thelma Todd shows to what heights of artificiality a woman may rise—given a sufficient number of petticoats ! If it were not for her excessive prettiness, her flirtatious ogling, her expressionless emphasis, which deprives every line of all intention, her moves and flouncing would be tiresome, but one is content to gaze astounded at so fair but unconvincing an imitation of temptation.

The return to popularity of musical themes paves the way for a revival of "costume" on the screen. When she has finished making *She Wanted Her Man* at Elstree, Bébé Daniels is to be the singing heroine of *The Southern Maid*, a picture in the *Rio Rita* tradition. Victor MacLaglen has come to England from Hollywood to play Dick Turpin in a film founded on Harrison Ainsworth's *Rookwood*, the best novel about the famous highwayman that was ever written. If they can find a "Black Bess" up to his weight, the casting is irreproachable ! On the screen, McLaglen has all the bold, bad, reckless, swashbuckling appeal associated with romantic desperadoes.

I HAVE to mention an English picture which is worth seeing when it reaches "your local cinema." It is called *The Shadow*, and is one of those crime and detection affairs in which the plot is so "wropped in mystery" as not to matter very much, which ends in the unmasking of the only person in the cast who has not had suspicion cast upon him as the actual villain. Nevertheless, *The Shadow* is a most unusual picture. The direction, cutting, and photography are brilliant, imaginative and significant: the composition of the "shots" is pictorially perfect. The production of mystery effects, the timing of screams, the appearance and disappearance of mysterious figures, can be and have been adequately achieved in the crudest manner and are, I consider, the poorest material for the exercise of the real cinematograph sense displayed in this picture ("A Real Art Production," directed by George Cooper), I should like to see some of this "real art" applied to a theme of some significance, but it is so rare to meet unexpectedly with a film which is almost perfectly constructed and excitingly photographed that one must record its existence. Elizabeth Allan and Jeanne Stewart, as heroine and a crook's girl friend, panic and scream appropriately and decoratively; and Sam Livesey, of Scotland Yard, reveals himself as a 'born' film actor.

The Tragic Adventurer

Whose Phantoms were but Windmills



Feodor Chaliapin as Don Quixote

The story of Cervantes' knight-errant and the mingled comedy and tragedy of his crazy wanderings in search of wrongs to right provide all the material for a fine film. With Feodor Chaliapin in the part of Don Quixote, George Robey as Sancho Panza, and with G. W. Pabst as the director, the Spanish classic makes screen history, and is again the inspiration, as it has been in the past, in music, painting, and literature, of a brilliant artistic achievement, this time through the most modern medium of expression. The film started its run last Monday at the Adelphi Theatre

Left: Lady Seafield and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, have got a house down in Surrey now, not very far from Lingfield, and they had a party there the week-end that the sun definitely decided to come back to England. Jock, the bull-terrier, has been in "The Bystander" before, the rest of the group haven't, but deserve to be again

The Host and Hostess and Some Dogs

Out of London and in the Sun

A Week-End Party in Surrey

Above: Miss Daphne Kingsmill, Mrs. Redmond McGrath's second daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant (Hermione Baddeley) escaped from the dusty heat of London, to Stratford, Mr. Studley-Herbert and Lady Seafield's Surrey house, for the week-end

And so did Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, who motored down to Surrey, taking some of the party with them. And they had yet another sort of dog to sit in the sun with them and be photographed

Photographs: A. Owen

If Gossip We Must . . .

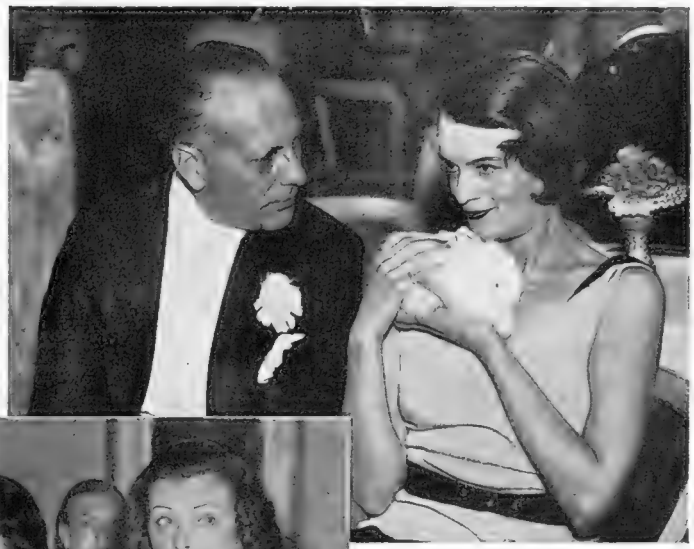
Parliamentary Tactics—Handicapped Hotels—Expensive Lager—De Groot's Passing—Hollywood Howlers

IF every nation gets the Government it deserves, I am wondering what this nation has done to deserve the House of Commons it has got.

Within the last fortnight two Bills of the utmost domestic importance have been talked out because nobody has shown sufficient interest in them to save them.

One was concerned with the reform of the Divorce Laws, and the other with the reform of licensing regulations as applied to hotels.

When matters of foreign policy are discussed, or when a point in which party feeling runs high is to the fore, a packed House can be relied upon. When the individual, irrespective of party, and such amenities as closely affect him, have to be considered, and when it is not an issue in which the Whips take an interest, there is lethargy at Westminster, and worse than lethargy. Except on the part of the cranks, who see here an opportunity to get their own way.



John Everard

The Marchese Malacrida and Lady Cynthia Tothill at London's latest resort, the Front Parlour Restaurant in Soho Square. Lady Cynthia is nursing a live white rabbit, the gift of the management, but these are not given away every evening

Memories of the Film Memories Ball

Left: Mrs. John Goodenday and Mrs. Michael Balcon, and (right) Miss Pamela Ostrer with Miss Grethe Hansen, who were some of many visitors to the Famous Film Memories Ball at the May Fair Hotel

REALLY, the cranks cannot be blamed. The way the hotel reform business was allowed to slide while its opponents were permitted to talk the thing out and kill it—at any rate, for the time being—was not very creditable.

Curious that in this country the minority, who are out to repress and to say "Thou shalt not" over any piece of liberty which the Continent (bar Russia) enjoys, as a matter of course, are always intensely active.

They get their way with such regularity because they have such an indifferent gang to fight.

IT is beyond dispute that our hotels are absurdly handicapped and that, as I pointed out last week, England deliberately makes it as difficult as possible for overseas visitors, such as the Economic Conference gang, to find in this respect anything attractive about us.

The season is now in full swing and still the repression remains. One Sunday paper has said that the corner of the slump has been turned and that we are well on the way back to commercial prosperity. Another Sunday paper says we cannot even see daylight yet,

A Young English Film Star *Sasha*

Merle Oberon, who plays the part of Anne Boleyn in the film entitled "The Fifth Wife of King Henry VIII.", in which Charles Laughton plays Hal, produced by London Film Productions and directed by Alexander Korda

and will be much worse before we are better, If the former is the truth let us have the freedom to celebrate the fact; if the latter no obstacle should be put in the way of our decorously consoling ourselves.

I WONDER, by the way, what some of our Conference friends, given to quaffing lager at a reasonable price and at both reasonable and unreasonable times, will have to say about the price of that beverage at London's few real cafés.

At one of these the price is two shillings a glass, with no other attraction in return for the demi-florin than a demi-Bohemian atmosphere. The glass is a large one, though not very large. To be asked to pay more for a glass of beer than for the infinitely more cheering whiskey and soda seems extortionate.

Which reminds me, I have just attended a cheery cocktail party at which it was obvious that whisky is quite equal to gin as the basis of a cocktail, and that the wine of Scotland can be made up in a fashion palatable to women, many of whom jib at it when mixed only with soda.

I can fully recommend a concoction labelled as Atlantis, compounded of whisky, cointreau, and pineapple juice. It not only tastes good, but gives one sufficient courage to go forth and seek any number of lost continents.

PROCEEDING, by an easy stage, from the odour of alcohol to that of sanctity, I can fully sympathise with Mr. Seymour Hicks's complaint that the grave in Richmond Old Church of Edmund Kean (who, as a matter of fact, was not a teetotaller) is unmarked.

Indeed, there is some little doubt as to the exact position

Walter Bird

Cora Goffin

Who has made a big success in "Once in a Lifetime" when taking over the part played by Edith Evans, who is now appearing in "The Late Christopher Bean," at the St. James's

Tasting—and Enjoying—the

Sylvia Sidney, as she appears in "Jennie Gerhardt," the second novel written by Theodore Dreiser, which has been filmed for Paramount with B. P. Schulberg's production. Donald Cook, Mary Astor, H. B. Warner, and Edward Arnold are included in the cast

Wines of the Empire

Lady Beatrice Savile and Mrs. Pledge, seen above, were among a large number of visitors at the Piccadilly Hotel during the Imperial Wine Week, where the various vintages, as well as Empire Cocktails, were sampled

by actors of to-day, duly placed to commemorate where really is the vault of the man who died just a hundred years ago and who could probably have acted the heads off the whole lot of them ?

For, with all his vaults, Kean was a great man.

THE death of De Groot—"nervy," kind-hearted, sensitive, and quite rich—brings back war-time memories. He reigned, musically, in the Piccadilly grill-room, just as Jacob reigned in the Trocadero grill-room before him.

Young officers, home for a few hours of joy, safety, and cleanliness after the stench and the horror of the trenches, must have regarded it as something near Heaven to enjoy decent food with a pretty girl what time De Groot throbbed out romantic melodies on the E string.

of the vault. Some say the mighty actor's vault is in one corner of the church ; others say the vault is in another corner.

Could not a certain identification be made and an inscription, subscribed for

Deck Quoits being played on board the S.S. Lapland, which starts for "The Bystander" Cruise for Madeira, Las Palmas, and Teneriffe on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual travel agencies

He was fond of classical music, too ; but he knew the line which brought in most money and no one could blame him.

I FANCY De Groot was "stung" a bit a few years later, when he backed an unsuccessful musical-comedy and regretted that he had not stuck to his violin. Violin or no, however, he was essentially a London figure, well known outside as well as inside musical circles, and he will be much missed.

There is in the restaurants of to-day no outstanding personality as De Groot was. That is because it is rare to find other than jazz-bands employed. These have their little bursts of popularity and high pay ; but their life is usually as short as that of the songs they are paid to "plug."

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 15.—Mr. D. R. Jardine

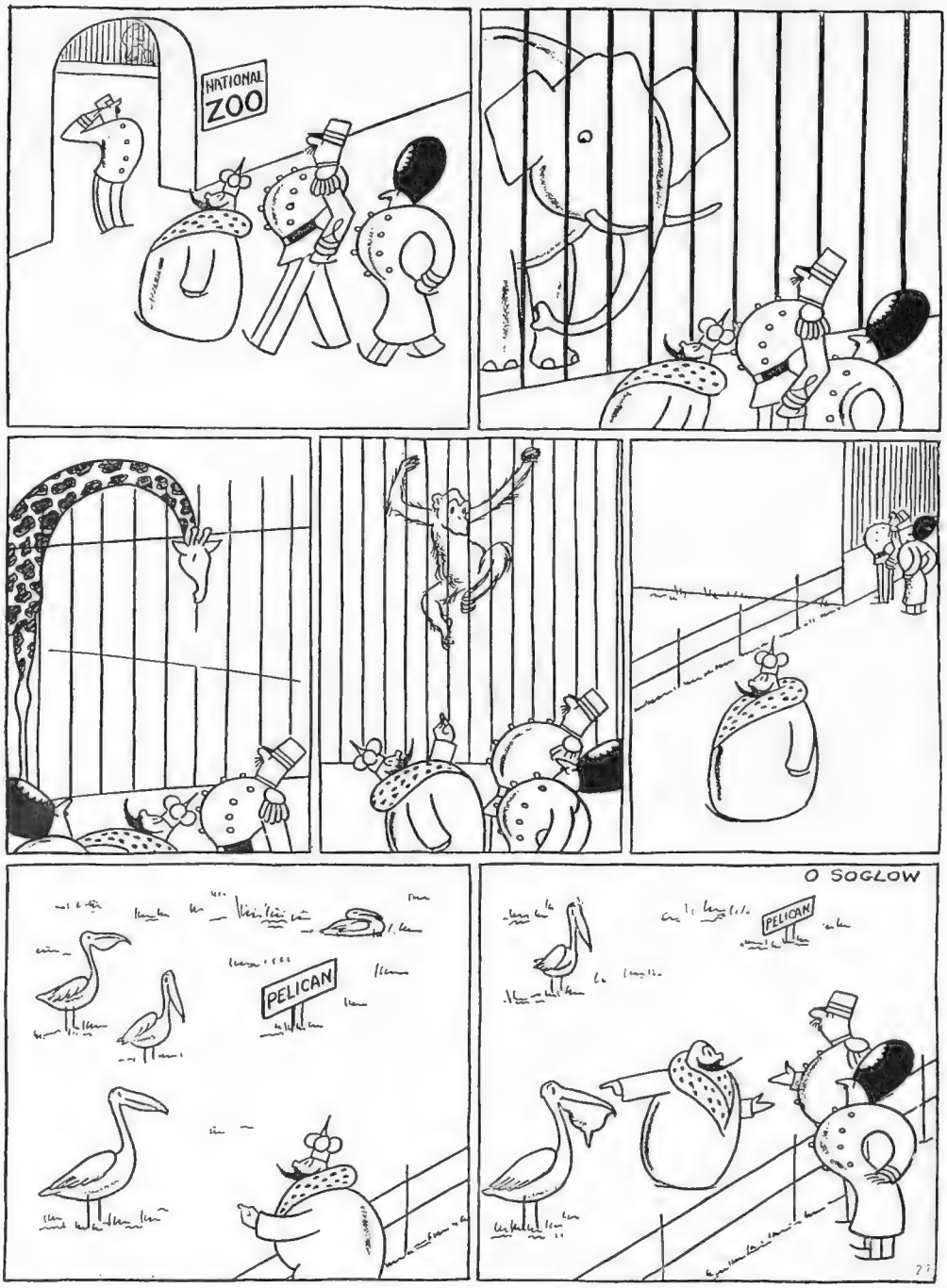
I'D not have been
In Jardine's shoes
When facing all
Those Aussie boos.
I'd not have been
So calm and cool
When hounded by
The "barrack" school,
I should have waxed
Extremely hot
And roundly cursed
The whole darned lot.
But Jardine's not
Like that at all—
He just ignored
The cricket bawl,
For though he thought
A lot, no doubt,
His thoughts weren't those
He'd shout about.
When tumults and
The shouting die,
And bats of brick
No longer fly,
When body-lines
Are straightened out,
And nothing's left
To shout about,
They'll write, "He showed
"The Aussies how
"To play two games
"In one, we vow.
"His cricket craft
"Was fine, it's true,
"But Patience was
"His trump-card, too!"

B. W.

"Chorus Girls go exotic in the New Warner Bros.'s musical production, 'Gold Diggers of 1933.' Barbara Rogers is the blonde who shows the latest wrinkle in Chorus-girl 'trappings.'" This is the official description for this photograph ; could anything better it?

As a faithful devotee of the loveliness of Constance Bennett—not many people, I imagine, are aware that she went to school with Dorothy Dickson, which pulls that school's beauty standard up with a healthy rush—I went to see her in the film, *Our Betters*.

She is a good little actress, is Connie, and she did her best for it. I am now wondering whether Somerset Maugham has seen this curious travesty of his play, and, if so, what he thinks of it.



Here He Is Again!

To attempt a criticism is not in my province. But it may be permitted to ask why in the production of an American film dealing with London life, some Englishman conversant with this aspect was not called in to put the producer right in matters of detail?

We were informed that Elsa Maxwell was hired to ladle out this advice; but she is an American and the organiser of parties in Paris and at the Lido, and if she knows anything of Society in London (with any sized S you like) she has managed to conceal that knowledge.

Among a multitude of ludicrous errors I will point out only one. The Beauteous Bennett is described as the wife of "Lord George Grayston, Baronet and Guardsman." How the younger son of a peer can be a baronet will take some explaining. And a Guardsman is a private soldier in the Guards and not an officer, and would not, therefore, emerge from the church at his wedding (oh, those film weddings!) beneath an arch of drawn swords; nor would he wander about Buckingham Palace in uniform, while a Court is in progress, chatting to Duchesses.

From a batch of correspondence anent my remarks last week about long-stewed asparagus at restaurants has emerged the information that asparagus served in this fashion is not only tasteless but dangerous. I cannot see where the danger comes in, seeing that asparagus, cooked twenty-four hours before, can be eaten cold—and very good it is.

Yet did not Cleopatra die from the bite of an asparagus?

Or was it an aspirin?

NEXT WEEK
Look out for "The Bystander"
SUMMER NUMBER
Same price but introducing many new weekly features

Dodo Watts, who plays the principal woman's part in the new farce, "High Temperature," in which a bedroom figures prominently, at the Phœnix Theatre

Sasha

The New Lady of Letcombe Manor

Viscount Bridport's Sister and her Fiancé, Mr. David L. Baker

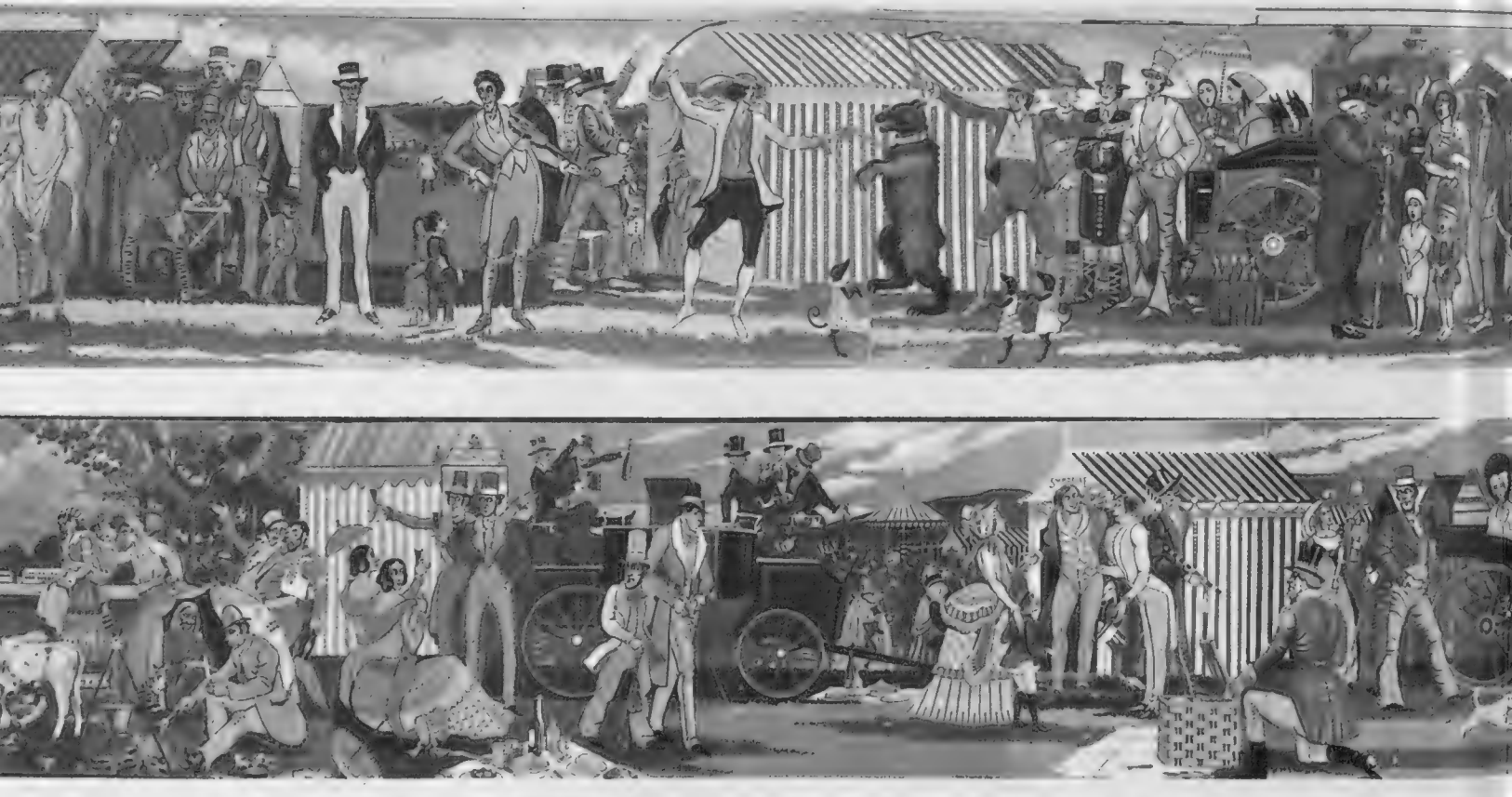
Janet Jevons

The Hon. Eileen Hood

The Hon. Eileen Hood was just going off to stay with her sailor-brother, Viscount Hood, at Malta, when Mr. David Lawrence Baker fetched her back off the boat at Southampton to propose to her—and now they are engaged. Mr. Baker, who is Lady Lyle's grandson, owns Letcombe Manor, Wantage, and he and Miss Hood were in the garden there when the photograph on the left was taken. Mr. Baker, who is twenty-three, the same age as Miss Hood, used to be Master of the Fowey Harriers; his bride-to-be is a good horsewoman, too. Their marriage will probably be in July

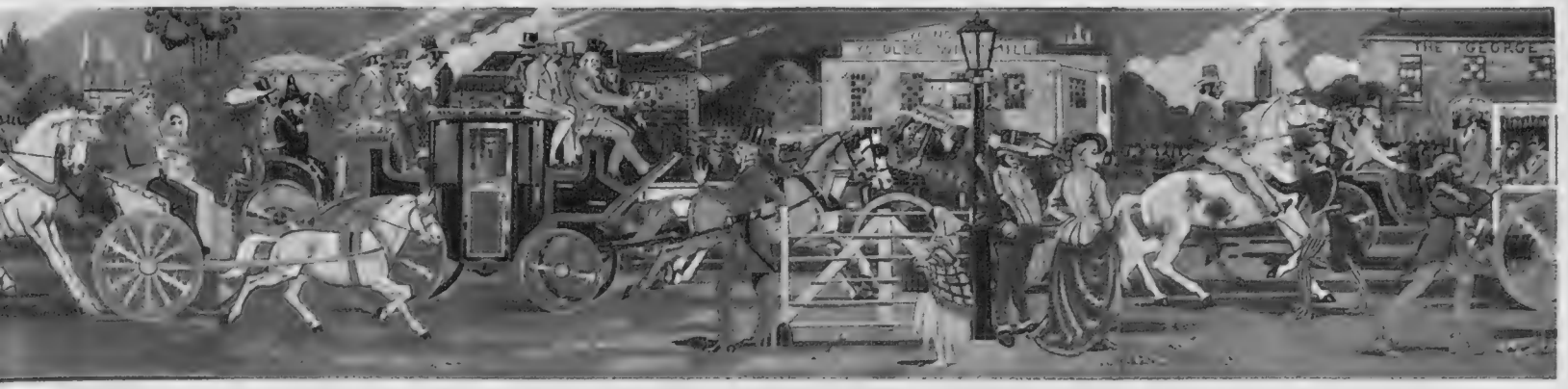
"Coach, Carriage, Wheelbarrow, Cart":

This very decorative freize, of which the first half is shown above, is now part of the scene at the Plaza, Dublin, where the draw for the Ir regulars of that day are there, on foot and in their coaches and carriages. Famous inns which have been the scene of many a Derby Day



The second half of the Derby Day panorama shows scenes on the Downs—a dancing bear, performing dogs, a drinking booth, a thimble-rigger, gips atmosphere to the draw of the great Sweepstake, were designed and executed by the Harry Clark Studios, Dublin; the chief artist was C. B. Simn

Old Derby Day Scenes Depicted at the Plaza, Dublin



ish Free State Hospitals Sweepstake on the Derby took place. The panorama above is of the road to Epsom a hundred years ago, and many celebration can be recognised: the Elephant and Castle, the Horns, the Old Windmill, the George, the Spring Hotel, and the Spread Eagle

osies, picnic parties etc.—and then the journey home, with everyone a bit the worse for wear. These lively pictures, which certainly have given mmonds, assisted by R. King, W. Dowling and Mr. Attendorff. The building up of the panels was supervised by Captain Spencer Freeman

Personalities in "Plasticine"

No. 18 : Lord Lonsdale

Modelled and Designed by Zec

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Passing of Personality

THERE are those who maintain that L. N. Constantine, that astonishing West Indian negro, is the best all-rounder the game has ever seen, a contention open to serious argument. For my part, I would prefer to have Hammond on my side, but for the moment we will let that pass. Constantine is a grand cricketer, as he reminded us at Lord's the other day when he appeared in the West Indian team against the Marylebone Club.

He did not make many runs in the first innings, but no sooner did he come ambling down the pavilion steps on his way to the wicket than an excited buzz went round the crowded stands. He pulled down his cap, hitched up his trousers, and played an astounding stroke to Allom's bowling. The ball went off the splice at an incredible speed wide of mid-on to the boundary, and Constantine grinned and pointed out to the bowler and the wicket-keeper and everyone else within range exactly where the ball had hit the bat. Then he peered round the umpire and discovered Hendren hiding away at deep square-leg. This delighted him; he pointed his bat at Hendren, grinned again, and hooked his first ball from Bowes off the middle stump to give Hendren some exercise.

Personality, that is the point, for in everything Constantine does there is an individual vitality, and it set me wondering why personality, which the game needs so much, should be so rare on our cricket-fields to-day.

IT may be that in this machine age the individual is cut to pattern in every walk of life, but the fact remains that cricketers who can dominate a match, or at least enrich it with their own peculiar humour, such cricketers are scarce indeed. There are a few of them—Woolley, Tate, Hammond, A. P. F. Chapman, A. W. Carr, B. H. Lyon, Duckworth, are names which suggest themselves—but when we consider the younger generation we are bound to admit that most of our players are merely adequate members of a team.

Is it because, with the years, the vitality has gone out of the game itself, and does this explain why proportionately so many more personalities are to be found among the West Indians, who are comparative newcomers to the game, and thus have preserved their cricketing youth?

I thought of this when the West Indians were in the field against M.C.C. during the last half-hour of that fine Saturday afternoon. How they chased the ball, and with what despair Headley flung himself upon the ground when a possible catch went begging! Then their bowling—the leaps and the heaven-ward glances of Constantine as he hurled the ball at Hearne and the hapless Hulme; the furious energy of Martindale, and his despondent gestures when things went wrong in the slips.

IT was all very attractive, and I must say I could not agree with those who shook their heads disapprovingly when these fast bowlers became somewhat erratic. Hulme, it is true, ran into trouble, and was hit about the body more than once, but ill-controlled fast bowling of this kind should be a gift to the quick-footed first-class batsman. To this extent, it is bad bowling, and we do not criticise it because it is dangerous, but because it is incompetent. When Bowes, for example, earlier that day, was pitching the ball at his feet, we did not accuse him of malice, but considered that he was wasting his natural abilities, and noted how easily Headley ducked out of harm's way or hooked him in perfect safety.

This Headley, incidentally, is an absolutely first-class batsman. He adapted his technique to the needs of his side, and he made his century with remarkable assurance. His on-side play is exceptionally strong, and if he did find J. C. White rather troublesome, many another great batsman has made the same uncomfortable discovery. His footwork was exemplary, and he got his nose right over the ball in the most approved manner. A dangerous little player; he ended his innings with three successive boundaries gained by strokes which proved that he has a touch of genius, and I fancy we shall hear a great deal more of him before the season is out.

D. R. Jardine, Captain of the M.C.C., with Hearne and Hulme, the Middlesex professionals, going out to field against the West Indies at Lord's. The M.C.C. team included eight players who had played for England against Australia or South Africa

G. Headley, the West Indian star batsman, known as the Black Bradman, having a go at a ball from F. R. Brown. He scored 129 on his first appearance at Lord's in quite first-class style

THE most disappointing thing about the early stages of this match was the bowling of F. R. Brown, who, temporarily, let us hope, appears to have lost control of length and flight. Brown was always faster than the average spin-bowler, and while he was able to vary his length at will, this pace was an advantage and made him more difficult to play. Now he seems to be bowling too fast, and no longer does he find the spot and send the ball fizzing away from the edge of the bat.

The Hon. Robert Gathorne-Hardy, younger brother of the Earl of Cranbrook, whose novel, "Other Seas," has just been published. He has a private printing press and himself sets type and prints. This is called the Mill House Press, and is situated in a remote country village, Stanford Dingley, on the river Pang, in Berkshire

Books of the Week

All Sorts of Novels

By "Ericus"

Denis Mackail

Denis G. Mackail, seen on the right, the well-known humorist, whose new collection of short stories, entitled "Having Fun," has been published by Hodder and Stoughton this month

By their second novels ye shall know them. Those glad cries of welcome, with which we greeted the first literary plunge of some gallant unknown, are soon followed by a sceptical foreboding regarding the qualities of his second. Like a North Country audience, we sit back grimly in our seats and murmur, "Come on! Show us!" and the performer, peering nervously through a chink in the curtain, may be excused that sinking feeling that makes cowards of us all.

If Mr. Martin Hare felt any symptoms of stage fright, he certainly does not show it in his second novel, *Describe a Circle* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Nor is there any reason why he should, since it vindicates triumphantly the promise of his maiden effort, *Butler's Gift*. The quality that struck me above all others in that excellent book was the vitality with which Mr. Hare invested his characters, and here again is that blessed quality in abundance. He does not bother himself with the drearily introspective analysts who seem to have established a corner in contemporary fiction, but plumps wholeheartedly for the normal, averagely pleasant, flesh-and-blood people whom you and I are accustomed to meet on our lawful occasions. His heroine, Fanny Le Fanu, secretary and mistress of the proprietor of a multiple store, is an entirely captivating young person, wayward and whimsical, honest with herself and level-headed, except, unhappily, on the subject of her grande passion. Describe a circle, and you find yourself back where you started, which is what happened to Fanny in her efforts to acquire conventional respectability during the six weeks' absence of Sir Max on holiday. The men she cultivates as prospective marriage partners emerge with complete clarity from the restless background of a great shop. The well-meaning but obtuse young doctor to whom she becomes engaged, the delightfully vulgar furrier with his easy confidence in his powers of attraction, and her friend, Bernard, aggressively platonic and yet, as she knows, the one man in the world who really understands her. Then there is, of course, her mother, Lady Carrie, one of those perfect Irish characters at which Mr. Hare excels, gloriously vague, yet lynx-eyed and ruthless where her intentions are concerned, and a whole host of shop assistants, male and female, clear-cut and etched with a delicate subtlety. This is, altogether, a splendidly refreshing performance.

There is also reality in plenty about the characters of *Karen's Loyalty*, by Donald C. Peattie (Jarrolds; 7*s.* 6*d.*), though, in this case, their treatment is remarkable for sophistication rather than simplicity. But then the Côte d'Azur affects one that way. Karen loves Anton, the illegitimate son of the scientist, Virgilie Lammack, but marries Neil, the more orthodox production, thereby threatening the charming friendship between the two brothers and the peace of "Ad Astra," with its cleverly assorted and delicately graded group of inmates, until a dramatically abrupt climax cuts the knot like a knife. Mr. Peattie writes with real distinction. He shows an intimate understanding of these people and gathers the threads of their lives together into a well-balanced entity.

The title of Mr. J. G. Sarasin's historical romance, *Across the Border* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), misled me a trifle. It does not refer to Blue Bonnets and feuds and forays, as I rather naturally expected, but to that dark frontier beyond which lie witchcraft and the powers of evil. The body of Mother Shipton, witch of Knaresborough, lay a-mouldering in the grave some two hundred years before the opening of this drama of Cavalier and Roundhead, but her soul went marching on in the neighbourhood, with calamitous consequences to the glamorous Ursula Sonthiel and Captain Brenhand, royalist gallant malgré lui. More I cannot tell you without spoiling this simple but stirring and colourful affair.

We are again concerned with history, spiritual rather than factual, in *Sun Circle* (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Neil M. Gunn sets his story in Scotland at the dawn of her national history, the rude period of tribal wars, of social beginnings and the emergence of Christianity. With the coming of the Vikings, led by Haakon and Sweyn, the tribesmen's religious ruminations, presided over by Drust, their chieftain, are shelved sine die, and there ensues a vivid scene of carnage on the seashore as the Scots are overwhelmed by their more experienced antagonists. The few survivors, among whom are the young Druid, Aniel, and Drust's daughter, Nessa, become captives of Haakon's bow and spear, only for Haakon, in his turn, to fall a victim to Nessa's charms. Finally, comes the great forest fire, a breath-taking picture, which, at a stroke, makes a clean sweep of the situation and restores Aniel to the arms of the faun-like Greeta.

Villainy, unmitigated and unashamed, is the main-spring of *Confessions of a Scoundrel*, by Geoffrey Spencer (Werner Laurie; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is, I imagine, fiction founded on a modicum of fact, though how much of it is fact and how much fiction, I would not like to say—and, anyway, who cares about that? The central figure of this autobiography was set on the downward path by a pious fraud of a parson and early acquired that craving for women and the excitement that goes, as he says, with making money unlawfully, which brought him inevitably to the stickiest of endings. A crude, callous, and somewhat naïve record of the glittering underworld of Europe, Australia, and America, of card-sharping and forgery and jewel-thieving and brothel-keeping, ending with the violent extinction of the clergyman who began it all.

High Hat? or Flat Hat?

Rockwell, Paris

Harry Meerson

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland

MARCEL ROCHAS suggests a high hat worn either with a black jersey dress with a collar of black cirè satin petals, or with a coat of natural linen trimmed with monkey fur; while Mainbocher accompanies a navy blue dress with a white piqué collar with a flat sailor hat of the same material

THE blouse above is made of white piqué and costs 18/6. The natty little short jacket shown on the left is made of the same material and both come from H. J. Nicoll

NO more useful item for a cruise wardrobe could be found than a well tailored coat of scarlet flannel which looks equally well with a skirt or trousers of white flannel. Burberry makes this outfit perfectly

SO-CALLED beach dresses make perfect deck wear; this one is of bright yellow wool and has little panties to match. It is tied with a red, white and blue sash. Jaeger's

THE smart coat with the stitched lapels shown above is perfect for windy days and drives on shore. It is made by H. J. Nicoll of coarse crash and costs only 2 guineas

NAVY blue drill trousers, man-tailored, are made by H. J. Nicoll for only 1 guinea and are perfect for board ship wear. They wash well and always look smart

Here is a selection of clothes suitable for the cruise on S.S. Lapland specially planned tor readers of "The Bystander" AND on which you might win a £25 prize . . .

THE two views above show a white knitted sun-bathing dress from Fortnum and Mason, which is well cut and most becoming. The belt is of red rope and the hat of straw

THE navy-blue spotted dress on the right also comes from Fortnum and Mason and has a white piqué collar and a trouser skirt which is so well cut as to be unnoticeable

ROPE belts are all the fashion just now, and Fortnum and Mason have a variety in many colours, and fastened by silver buckles. They also have a large selection of the most lovely patterned scarves

JAEGER'S are showing a selection of the prettiest summer frocks at very reasonable prices: on the left is one carried out in natural colour shantung with amusing sleeves and hand-crocheted blue belt and buttons

When Ladies Meet . . .

Right: competitors in the Ladies' Ranelagh Challenge Cup were Miss Braine, Miss Carnegie Arbuthnott, who tied with Miss Guinness for first place but lost in the barrage; Miss Judy Guinness, the winner, Mrs. Minton, Miss Geddes, and Miss Puddefoot

Experts with the Foil at Ranelagh

Then There's Tennis—Two Stars

Mrs. J. B. Pittman defeated Mrs. E. S. Law in the Ladies' Singles in an entry not as strong as at Ranelagh, at the West Kensington Lawn Tennis Tournament in two sets, 6—1, 6—3

One of the finest ladies' polo teams in England are the Southdown Ladies. Above are Miss Holt, Mrs. E. M. Wilson, Miss Defries, the Captain, and Miss Hildon before a match played at Preston Park, Brighton

Left: Miss Susan Noel, the squash-rackets champion and lawn tennis player, and Miss Ann Stokes, at Hurlingham, sun-bathing beside the new open-air swimming-pool

And Sun-bathing at Hurlingham

Recent Air Events: By Capt. C. E. Ward

At Brooklands and Renfrew

THE Guild of Pilots had the most marvellous weather for their Display before the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company at Brooklands. The Prince arrived in his air cruiser, the Vickers Pegasus, an illustration of which was published last week in full colours by THE BYSTANDER. Aerodrome control, the interception race, and competition parachute descents were the most interesting events of the afternoon, which will be memorable also to flying people and their friends as a social event second only to the R.A.F. Display. The *Tatler* Cup, offered for the best-turned-out machine accompanied by the most suitably dressed woman passenger, was awarded to the Duchess of Bedford, whose Puss Moth was piloted by Flight-Lieut. Allen. At Renfrew, Lord Clydesdale and Flight-Lieut. D. F. McIntyre were welcomed home from their successful expedition over Mount Everest by the Scottish Flying Club, the members of which presented the two pilots with mementoes of the occasion. Sir Harold Yarrow made the speech of congratulation on behalf of the Club, and in his reply, Lord Clydesdale gave an interesting account of the flights over the Himalayas, referring especially to the problem of identifying the different peaks.

The "Cloud of Iona," piloted by Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, leaving the Saunders-Roe slipway for the Isle of Man, which is to be the base for operations this summer of British Flying Boats Ltd. The 'plane carries nine people comfortably, and can be used either on land or water

Mr. F. Handley Page, on the left, and Mr. F. R. Sigrist, of Hawker Aircraft, two of the most successful designers in the world, seen at Brooklands during the Civil Air Display, which was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

A Pioneer Talks on Aviation

THE Royal Aeronautical Society was most fortunate in its choice of speaker and subject for the Twenty-first Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture, which was given last night by Colonel F. P. Lahm, of the U.S. Army Air Corps. The subject, "Training the Airplane Pilot," was one that Colonel Lahm found particularly easy to handle, as he was taught to fly by Orville and Wilbur Wright, and has been associated with aviation ever since. His summary of the future in the air is based on twenty-five years' experience in the United States, a country whose size has favoured the development of flying, and the Paper itself is one that should be studied with care. American Airways have established a fast service between New York and Chicago, using Curtiss twin-engined 'planes carrying 15 passengers. Timing allows an average of 6 hours for the journey, compared with 20 hours by the Twentieth Century, Limited, one of the crack trains of America. Six Ocean type flying boats for Pan American Airways are under construction by Glen Martin and Sikorsky, each of which will have a range of 3000 miles and a cruising speed of 140 miles an hour. The only British boat at all comparable with these new craft is the Short-Rolls-Royce. This has been designed for naval and trade route patrol, but the same structure could be used for commercial purposes. Short Brothers are building a squadron of the Singapore Mark II. type for the R.A.F., two 38-passenger land machines for Imperial Airways, and at the smaller end of the scale, a light aeroplane with novel features to be equipped with two Pobjoy engines, 85 h.p. each.

On Learning to Fly

OWING to an increased demand for space this year, it was found impossible to publish the names of all the flying clubs and schools in our Annual Flying Number last week. A list of the most important, with the names of the aerodromes used, is given below, whilst details of membership and notes on the facilities at each centre will be included during the summer season.

Air Service Training School.	Hamble, Hants.
Airwork School	Heston Airport.
Berks, Bucks and Oxon N.F.S.	Woodley, near Reading.
Blackburn School	Brough, E. Yorks.
Blackpool N.F.S.	Stanley Park, Blackpool.
Bristol and Wessex	Bristol Airport.
Brooklands Club and School.	Brooklands, Weybridge.
Cardiff	Splott, Cardiff.
Cinque Ports	Lympne, Folkestone.
de Havilland School	Hatfield, Herts.
Eastern Counties	Ipswich and Colchester.
Gravesend School	Gravesend Airport.
Hampshire	Eastleigh, Southampton.
Hanworth Headqtrs. N.F.S.	Hanworth, Middlesex.
Herts and Essex	Broxbourne, Essex.
Hull N.F.S.	Hedon, Hull.
Irish Aero Club	Baldonnel, Co. Dublin.
Kent	Bekesbourne, near Canterbury.
Lancashire	Woodford, Cheshire.
Leicestershire	Desford, Leicester.
Liverpool and District	Hooton Park, Cheshire.
London	Stag Lane, Edgware.
Maidstone	West Malling, Kent.
Midland	Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Cramlington.
Norfolk and Norwich	Mousehold, Norwich.
Northamptonshire	Sywell, Northants.
Nottingham N.F.S.	Tollerton, Nottingham.
Plymouth	Roborough, Plymouth.
Press Aero Club	Brooklands, Weybridge.
Reading	Woodley, Reading.
Scottish	Renfrew, Glasgow.
South Downs	Ford, Sussex.
Southern	Shoreham, Sussex.
Surrey	Gatwick, near Crawley.
Wiltshire	High Post, Salisbury.
Yorkshire N.F.S.	Yeadon, near Leeds.

Returning Thanks

The Editor thanks *The Aeroplane*, *Flight*, *Popular Flying*, and *Air and Airways* for their kind assistance with pictures and technical data during the past year.

A Regimental Tussle

The Buffs Meet the Royal West Kents at Deal

Major G. E. Wingfield-Stratford (Royal West Kent), having driven off, going to the first green

Captain F. C. Lovett (Royal West Kent) and Lieutenant H. C. Harwood (Buffs) sitting at ease at the third tee

Lieutenant Eric S. Scott (Buffs) on his way to the first green

Below: Lieut.-Colonel L. Howard Smith (Buffs) and Lieut.-General G. Bonham-Carter (Royal West Kent), who has just been appointed Director-General of the Territorial Army

Left: Colonel H. D. Buchanan-Dunlop (Royal West Kent) and Lieutenant H. F. Whitfield (Buffs) seen at the second tee

Below: Lieutenant C. Haggard (Buffs) and Captain G. Joel (Royal West Kent) caught on their way to the eighteenth green

Captain B. Howlett (Royal West Kent) and Captain G. V. Hitchcock (Buffs)

Lieutenant M. P. D. Dewar (Buffs) and Major-General T. R. Price (Royal West Kent). The Buffs won by 18 points to 6

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Championship in Retrospect

Dear Bystander,

We really have had a delightful championship, over the King's Course at Gleneagles Hotel, delightful because the best player won, because there was plenty of new talent well to the fore, because the weather was so good, the surroundings so lovely. I don't think I ever remember hearing scenery, birds and flowers included as one of the things for which a vote of thanks must be passed to those who lent the course, but Miss Lloyd Williams did it at the prize-giving, which made me feel that really I wasn't too much enthralled by that side of the picture. I won't say anything more about it, except just to tell you that on the Thursday morning, when Miss Fishwick and Miss Baird played on to the sixth green, three roe deer bounded up from below the green and away over the heather. And when Miss Wilson was approaching the seventh there was a cuckoo perched on the flag, whence it was chased away by an indignant lark. I couldn't help reflecting that the lark and the cuckoo were very much like some of the competitors — it 's not always the hefty ones who win.

Now, let 's think, I haven't told you anything at all about this Championship beyond qualifying. If I could convey to you the atmosphere of the first day of match play you would receive a series of shocks. One after the other, out went those players whom one had picked for last eight on those entirely private lists which competitors draw up and lose pennies over to each other of an evening. Miss Morgan's was the most unexpected crash. Looking back on it now, and remembering that it was Miss Plumpton who did the deed, there seems some consolation to be found for Miss Morgan.

It is rather instructive, by the way, to think whom the respective finalists put out. Take Miss Wilson first. Now it was rather the fashion to say that Miss Wilson had played so indifferently in the qualifying rounds that if she were to meet anybody first-class in the first round, or even the second, she might be beaten. I very much doubt it. True, she often putted very badly, and never got going for the first few holes, but when the real need arose, when the cat had played long enough with the mouse, there was the one quick scrunch and the poor little mouse got what it had known from the start was inevitable. The first mouse was Miss Fyshe, beaten 6 and 5 after holding Miss Wilson for six holes. The second was Mrs. H. J. Percy who one-putted (to three-putt is the latest verb, so I suppose that to one-putt is also admissible) quite often enough to uphold her nickname. But she went down 4 and 3 in spite of a good start, and then Miss Wilson fell on Miss Beryl Brown, who had been playing extraordinarily good golf up till then, and beat her 7 and 5, again after offering early chances. In the fourth round there was Mrs. Clement, who was offered even more, but only took enough of them to keep the match going to the fifteenth green. In the semi-final Miss Wilson offered fewer, but Miss Doris Park took them by holing a chip here, and a long putt there, but even that did not stop Miss Wilson winning by 5 and 4.

Miss Diana Fishwick (semi-finalist), Miss Diana Plumpton (runner-up), Miss Enid Wilson (winner) and Miss Doris Park (semi-finalist) photographed at the conclusion of the Women's Golf Championship at Gleneagles

There is another fashion at championships, and that is to say the ultimate winner had the luck of the draw. It always seems to me that the winner, when it is anybody so outstanding as Miss Wilson is now, or as Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch were in their day, makes her part of the draw appear easy because golf is so overwhelming that she simply does not allow the victims to do more than give a few ineffectual wriggles.

Now let us consider what Miss Plumpton did. She started with Miss Wanda Morgan, who had played such glorious golf in the second qualifying round, and in a practice round the next day, that fellow-competitors were rather inclined to think that this at last would be Miss Morgan's Open. Perhaps she and Miss Gourlay (they played each other in that practice round) would have been better advised to rest on Sunday. At any rate, Miss Morgan seemed to have used up all her best, particularly in the putting line, and Miss Plumpton took her chances magnificently. I don't care how much one says of Miss Morgan being below form—it was no small achievement to beat her.

The next round saw Miss Plumpton, perhaps, at her best, certainly on the green, for the long putts she holed, and the others she rolled up stone dead against Mrs. Richardson were a perfect education. She was out in 36 and won by 8 and 7. Nobody putted absolutely faultlessly right through the Championship, but Miss Plumpton certainly putted better than almost anybody, and that was one good reason why she has gone home with a silver medal. Then she beat Miss Julia Hill 5 and 4, then Miss Barbara Daniell, the new Middlesex Champion, at the nineteenth. Miss Daniell has been one of the discoveries of this championship. So has Miss Phyllis Wade, the Hampshire Champion, who lost, at the twentieth, that same round to Miss Doris Park. After Miss Daniell, Miss Plumpton beat Miss Diana Fishwick on the last green, never having been up until the seventeenth. To beat Miss Morgan and Miss Fishwick in one week seems to show that Miss Plumpton really is a very good golfer indeed. She showed herself that in the Final, for she never gave up trying or lost her own game. It was simply that Miss Wilson is the finer golfer, and that when she needed to apply the thumbscrews she could do so. Her 37 out in the afternoon was grand going, and she probably wants no higher praise than to know that Miss Wethered, who was one of the referees, was very much impressed.

That was a nice human touch, having Miss Wethered and Miss Gourlay as referees, with Mr. Norman Boase, who is Chairman of the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient, as umpire. Altogether a very human championship, which everybody enjoyed so much that they were truly genuine cheers when Mr. Arthur Towle, who controls the destinies of the L.M.S. hotels and, therefore, the Gleneagles courses, said he hoped the Championship would come back to Gleneagles before long.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

JOHN DE FOREST
"His listless length at noontide would he stretch"

H. S. MALIK and CYRIL TOLLEY
"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere. He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend"

LIONEL MUNN
"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way"

REX HARTLEY—WINNER
"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight"

R. V. K. FINLAY
"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield"

ROBERT SWEENY
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air"

H. E. TAYLOR
"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap"

SQUADRON-LEADER HAYWARD
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove"

The Gold Vase—Or the Elegy of Stoke Poges

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The First of the Season's Classics

THE *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase has come and gone, and this, the first of the season's classics, has resulted in another triumph for that most consistent medal player, Rex Hartley. This is the second consecutive occasion on which Rex Hartley has been successful, which, in view of the conditions under which the Vase is played for, means that the authorities must be happy in their foresight in having insured against three consecutive victories by the same player, and the possibility of losing the Vase for good.

REX HARTLEY is a very exceptional golfer at the present moment. He has always been in the first half-dozen in amateur golf in this country, at least ever since he left Cambridge, but he seems to be playing better this year than he has ever played before. A tragic error cost him his match in the later stages of the English Amateur Championship recently, when he was going very well and seemed to have an excellent chance of winning this event outright. Unperturbed, however, in company with John de Forest, he won the Social Clubs Tournament for the Bachelors' Club, and he competed in the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase. After leading the field in the morning with a very fine round of 70, he then followed it up by a very steady 73 in the afternoon, one of the lowest aggregates which has ever won the Vase.

IT is perfectly true to say that the entry this year for the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase was probably the strongest which has ever been received for this event. It was also a large one, but the glorious summer day which Providence had kindly ordained to help the organisers, enabled the large entry to complete both rounds in comfort, if somewhat at their leisure. In view of the galaxy of talent on parade the scoring was frankly not too good, for Stoke Poges was playing very easily. The chief grumble amongst competitors seemed to be that they could not putt on the greens, but I have absolutely no sympathy with this point of view. The greens were perfectly all right, and any deficiencies on them were the fault of the players and not of the course or those concerned of the Stoke Poges Golf Club. It is very easy to complain about greens, and it seems to me a much too popular habit amongst golfers of all classes. The only occasion, I think, when it has been a perfectly legitimate excuse was recently during the Invitation Professional Tournament at Roehampton, for the greens then were, frankly, appalling. As the professional golfer is not, on the whole, a distinguished putter at any time, the result was simply fantastic; and it is interesting to note that probably the best putter in the professional ranks won the event with consummate ease.

BUT at Stoke Poges the other day the amateurs, who are, as a general rule, fairly good putters and who could give their professional brethren just about as many strokes per round in a putting match as they should receive in other departments of the game, have no valid reason to make an excuse of these greens. I think I am being perfectly fair when I say that, on the day, and the course being as it was, at least half the distinguished entry should have completed, had they played to their handicaps, the thirty-six holes in something very near an average of fours. As it was, Rex Hartley was the only one to beat an average of fours, although Squadron-Leader Hayward, with a 71 and a 73, was not beaten by fours, and played very satisfactorily for his total. This is probably the best performance that Squadron-Leader Hayward has ever put up. For many years he has been well known as a very fine golfer, and he has farmed minor events in which he has cared to compete, but in a major event of this importance I cannot recall such a good performance.

ONE of the great features of the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase this year was the reappearance of Cyril Tolley in British competitive golf. Tolley did fairly well; in fact, in the morning he played superbly as far as the seventeenth tee, but there an errant drive, followed by other disasters, changed what looked like being a 68 into a 72. In the afternoon he was less accurate and took 76. But I want to make a point about Cyril Tolley's reappearance, and that is this: everyone was delighted to see him back. It really does not matter in the least how well or how badly Tolley plays, excepting to himself; for others there is something most important missing if he is absent from a competition. His majestic personality has made such an impression on spectators and players alike that there is an added excitement in any event in which he partakes, which is entirely lacking when he is not playing. It is to be hoped, therefore, that he will play as often as possible in open competitive events this year.

I HAVE said that Cyril Tolley's first round was something in the nature of a tragedy, for it should have been so much better than it actually was. There was another tragedy during the day—and that was John Beck's second round. He played up to the green quite superbly in the afternoon, having left himself a good deal to do by a morning round of 76, and had he been able to hole one or two certainly missable but very holeable putts, he would have been out in the almost incredible score of 31. As it was, he took 34 with a bad five to the nineth. He played extremely well on the way home, however, and finally found himself with a four for a 69. No other competitor during the day had broken 70, and he was no doubt anxious, perhaps too anxious, to achieve this feat. He hit a good straight drive, but his second shot was very much less accurate and found a bunker to the left of the green. He got well out of this, but a long way from the hole, and took three putts to finish in 71—a good round, but one which might have been very much better. It is always rather unkind to stress a tragedy, and I apologise to John Beck for bringing this round of his into prominence, but it is important in order to make a point. Many of the other competitors who played less well, but had similar putting lapses, blamed, as I have said, the greens for their misfortunes. John Beck admitted quite frankly that the tragedies of his round had nothing whatever to do with the condition of the greens, and he was right.

I think those who like making the greens an excuse for their bad rounds should remember that a good putter will putt well even on bad greens.

Arthur Owen

Lady Jean Egerton, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, on the links at Gleneagles with Captain Sir Philip Dundas (Black Watch)

Golf!

OH! Golf, thou evil game, I am enslaved;
From me all peace of mind has gone for good,
No longer am I placid, well-behaved:
I'm doomed, damned, lost, too hopeless to be saved.
The beastly game my language has depraved.
If only I could use this blanky wood!
I care not if the Persian rug is divoted
If I have pivoted!

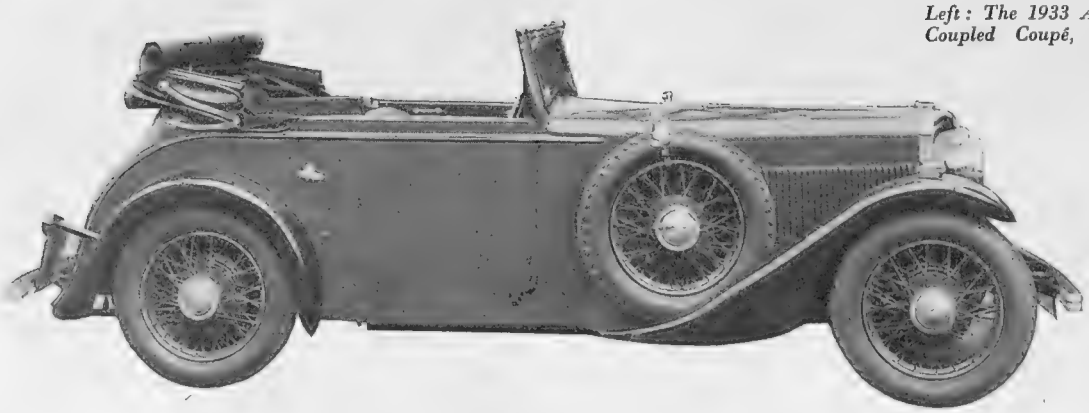
"Slow back," says Vardon, "Use your wrists," says Jones,
"And follow through," says Cotton. What a farce!
The head has left the club, and human groans,
Piercing at first, then mutterings and moans,
Angry and menacing, in bitter vengeful tones,
Follow the smashing sound of breaking glass!
And yet I care not! Let the neighbours sue;
I've followed through!

"Hit the ball down to hit it up," says Ray,
"A sharp, decisive blow." He's not my friend,
How bitterly I rue the fateful day
When that advice I saw. Let fate forfend
To punish me. I'll try to make amend
For chandeliers and plaster which descend
On luckless heads below. Well, let them frown;
I've hit it down.

Keep the head still for straightness, you are taught,
And yet you must not turn the hips too late.
This straightness is a thing I've always sought.
The wall is scarred, my wife is quite distraught,
She's burning all the text books I have bought.
A rending crash!—I'll leave them to their fate;
I've hit it straight!

And one thing more—a little extra force,
And this I'm simply burning to acquire:
To send the pillule further down the course,
Avoiding trees and trouble, grass and gorse.
My wife's hysterical, a little hoarse!
I've smashed a vase—let wedded bliss be marred!
I've hit it hard.

T. H. V. H.



Left: The 1933 A.C. "Ace" Drop Head Close-Coupled Coupé, which is marketed at £395

Where the Modern Car Invites Improvement

Coachwork Still Imperfect

By The Earl of Cardigan

With the immense improvement which is continually taking place in motor-car construction, one is sometimes tempted to wonder whether a point will not soon be reached beyond which little will remain to be achieved. With regard to the chassis, I do think that, while relative perfection still remains a long way off, it is being approached to-day with far greater strides than at any previous period. Where coachwork, however, is concerned, I cannot feel quite the same conviction.

Much depends, of course, on the criterion by which one judges the art of the body-builder. If one is concerned chiefly with luxurious fittings and "extras," then perhaps it may truly be said that the millenium is not far off. Certainly the detail equipment of the modern car is supplied on a scale far more complete and lavish than anything which was dreamed of a few years ago.

With regard to pleasing, graceful, and efficient "lines," some reservation is called for. Without doubt, there has been a great step forward in the saloon class—for the low build of the modern saloon is in every way preferable to the ungainly height of the closed car of immediate post-war years. In the realm of open touring-cars, coupés, and two-seaters, on the other hand, progress is less appreciable. I have just seen a sports touring-body on a famous three-litre chassis of about 1922 which, for attractive appearance, could hardly be surpassed to-day. I remember also a two-three seater which I myself owned in 1924. For sheer gracefulness of line, this car, (if it remains in commission) could still do well in any concours d'élégance.

Finally, if one judges coachwork purely in regard to seating comfort, it is possible to argue that recent progress has been practically nil. A car-body, after all, is primarily an enclosure for human beings to sit in—and it is difficult to say that one is better seated in 1933 than one was in 1923 or even 1913. There are some motorists, I dare say, who would even urge that, in this respect, they were better served in former years.

It is a fact, I think, that car manufacturers, at the present time, are apt to give insufficient thought to this basic aspect of the coachwork question. How many cars are there, for instance, costing less than £500, in which more than two persons can sit in genuine, unalloyed comfort? From my own observation, I should say very few. When, as will be recalled, I was recently reviewing a large number of typical 1933 cars, there was only one—and that not in the supposed "luxury" class—of which I could write, in this respect, with full enthusiasm. Far more commonly, after praising the lay-out of the front seats, I had to describe the nature of the back seat as "fair," or "of moderate comfort"—sometimes even as "hardly adequate for a full-grown adult."

It may seem a depressing statement, but I must put it on record that, in 1933, the *comfortable* seating accommodation of the average light car is, it appears, reserved for two individuals only—the driver and his front-seat passenger!

Why is this? It is chiefly, I suggest, due to the average manufacturer's ignorance of the arrangement of the human frame. He is apt to argue that the height of the typical Englishman, regarding the population as a whole, is about 5 ft. 4 in. Thus, he supposes, if he designs a back seat in which a 5-ft. 4-in. man can sit, he has done his duty to the great majority.

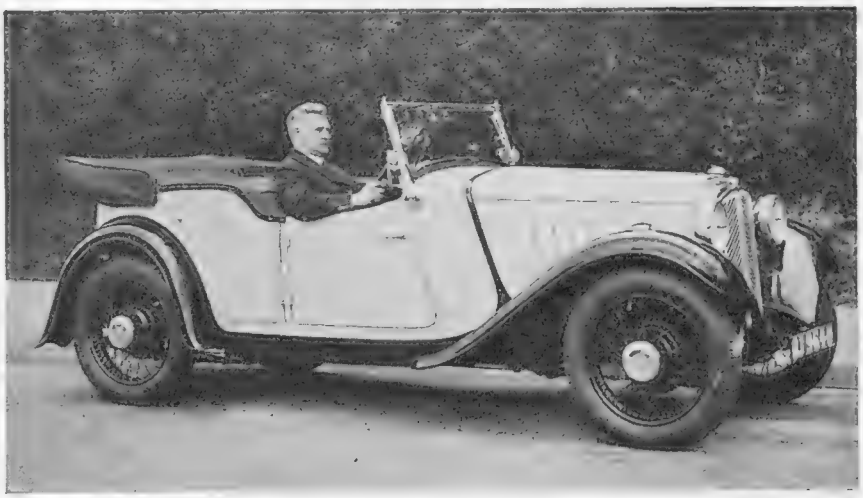
This, in fact, is not the case. A very small man can be comfortable in a very big chair; but a very big man cannot be comfortable in a very small chair. The small man can accommodate himself by means of a cushion beneath him or behind his back, and, if need be, a footstool at his feet. The big man cannot adopt the opposite expedients. He cannot lop six inches off his legs, contract his spine, or sink his neck into his shoulders. It follows that, if everyone is to be made happy, all four seats of a car should be made long and deep.

There is, I repeat, nothing absurd or objectionable in a small man having to call in the aid of an extra cushion. On the other hand, there is nothing more painful and ludicrous than to see a big man trying to adjust himself to the diminutive back seat of a typical modern "sports saloon." He gets in with difficulty, and at once pushes in the crown of his hat against the roof.

This worries him, and he spends some time wondering whether he had better discard the hat completely or try to hunch himself up into some sort of crouching position. This settled, he begins to consider what he can best do with his legs. He sees a footrest which, nearly always, is so stupidly placed as to be a sheer nuisance. Rejecting this, and adopting a reclining attitude, he finds that his knees are wedged miserably into the back of the seat in front of him. Finally, if he has no next-door neighbour, he turns sideways, arranging his legs diagonally across the car. Where this is not possible, his lot is too unhappy to bear further contemplation!

I realise, of course, that a small chassis, for which ultra-smart "lines" are desired, often simply does not possess the space necessary to give four people proper seating comfort. In this case, however, why not face the facts honestly and dispense with the fiction of a full-sized back seat? Why not utilise what little space exists behind the front seat as a luggage-boot, and, in the luggage-boot, fit one or more occasional folding seats, for short-distance use only? Why not, at the same time, fit right-hand gear control, thus permitting a very wide front seat, so that three people of reasonable girth can comfortably sit abreast?

The result would be quite a good-looking car, having its maximum width amidships. It would seat three "six-footers," instead of the usual two. It would provide two "extra" seats, hardly more cramped than at present. Without damage to upholstery, it would certainly carry a great deal more luggage. If I have previously been guilty of mainly destructive criticism, here is a serious suggestion for the coachbuilder—not, I venture to think, devoid of practical attractions.



The New Austin Sports Tourer

which, basically, is the same design as the popular Austin Twelve-Six, but with a special dropped chassis sturdily cross-membered it has even greater stability. The engine, with a high-compression ratio and high lift camshaft, as well as new manifolding and a down-draught carburetter, gives promise of a lively performance. It is priced at £268

JUNE, 1933

1st to 10th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Epsom Meeting.
Shows. Royal Tournament, Olympia. Royal Counties Agricultural, Bournemouth. Suffolk Agricultural, Bury St. Edmunds.
Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C., Southend-on-Sea.

2nd **Racing.** Epsom, "The Oaks."
Lawn Tennis. Oxford v. Cambridge, Oxford.
Yachting. Southend Town Regatta.

3rd **Racing.** Kempton Park. Southwell & Hexham Steeplechases.
Yachting. Blackpool & Fleetwood Y.C. Cruiser Race. R.M.Y.C. Whitsun Regatta, Poole.
Polo. Junior Colts Cup, Ranelagh.
Regattas. Richmond & Twickenham.
Shows. Royal Military Ceremony, Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade.

5th **WHIT MONDAY.**
Racing. Hurst Park, Redcar and Wolverhampton Meetings. Hexham, Fontwell, Wetherby, Newport, Buckfastleigh, Bungay, Cartmel and Huntingdon Steeplechases.
Athletics. British Games, White City. United Harriers' Sports, Luton.
Yachting. Royal Temple Y.C., Ramsgate.
Lawn Tennis. Essex Championships, Southend-on-Sea.
Motoring. Brooklands Mtg.
Polo. Hurlingham v. Army. Ranelagh Open Cup. Sutton Smith Cup, Roehampton.
Shows. Royal Tournament, Olympia. Notts. Agricultural Society, Welbeck. Colchester Horse Show.
Croquet. Gentlemen's and Ladies' Championship and Mixed Doubles Championships, Roehampton.

6th **Racing.** Hurst Park, Redcar and Wolverhampton Meetings.
Shows. Three Counties Agricultural Society, Worcester. Royal Tournament, Olympia.
Yachting. Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Y.C., Oulton.

7th **Racing.** Manchester. Yarmouth and Mallow Meetings.
Shows. Essex Agricultural Soc., Rochford. Northants Agricultural Society, Kettering Berks Bucks and Oxon Champ. Dog Show.
Athletics. London Athletic Club Evening Meeting.
Golf. Scottish Professional Championship, Lossiemouth.
Cricket. Somerset v. West Indies, Taunton.

8th **Racing.** Manchester Meeting. Yarmouth & Gowran Pk. Mtgs.
Shows. Royal Tournament, Olympia. Essex Agricultural, Society, Rochford. Richmond Royal Horse Show.

9th **Racing.** Man. & Gatwick Mtgs.
Shows. Leicestershire Agric. Show, Leicester. Royal Tournament, Olympia.
Yachting. Clyde Corinth. Y.C.

10th **Racing.** Man. & Gatwick Mtgs
Athletics. Marathon Race, Windsor to White City, London.
Greyhound Racing. Grand National Final, White City.
Shows. Aldershot Milit. Tattoo. Richmond Royal Horse Show.
Polo. Ranelagh Open Cup Final. Sutton Smith Cup Final, Roehampton.
Golf. West Wales Championship, Swansea.
Cricket. Middlesex v. West Indies, Lord's.
Yachting. *The Yachting World* Trophy, Poole.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

As I think I have said before in these notes, it is most unfortunate that there should be any doubt about L. N. Constantine playing for the West Indies in all the Test Matches this summer. Not only is Constantine a great player—and I have heard Archie MacLaren rank him with the greatest hitters of all time—but his presence in the West Indian team means a tremendous amount to the other players.

These West Indians are inclined to be temperamental, and, whether Constantine comes off or not, the mere fact that he is with them is sufficient to make them a fifty per cent. more dangerous side. The trouble is that Constantine is now playing for the Nelson Club in the Lancashire League, and that the Test matches clash with the three most important fixtures which Nelson play during the summer. Apparently the Nelson club appear to be a little injured over the affair, and suggest that in releasing Constantine to play against M.C.C. at Lord's, and in the Manchester Test Match, they have acted with as much generosity as can reasonably be expected of them.

As a matter of fact, the story I heard from a great friend of Constantine's puts rather a different complexion on the affair. I was told—and I have no reason for doubting my informant's good faith—that Constantine wished to insert a clause in his contract with the Nelson club to the effect that he should be free to play on occasions for the West Indians when they came over here. He was informed, however, that such a clause would be unnecessary, as the club would always be prepared to meet him in this matter. It then so happened that dates clashed, and Constantine found himself unable to carry out what he considered to be his moral obligations to the West Indians.

Now that the M.C.C. authorities have taken a hand in the matter and approached the League direct, I hope something may be arranged, and it does seem to me that in the long run the League would benefit by Constantine's Test Match appearances. There is no doubt that he would gain a great deal of publicity, and the gates at League matches in which he was playing would increase accordingly. Already it cannot be denied that Constantine has put league cricket on its feet, for wherever he goes the gate receipts increase enormously, and he is fully worth his salary, which is the biggest ever paid in Lancashire League cricket.

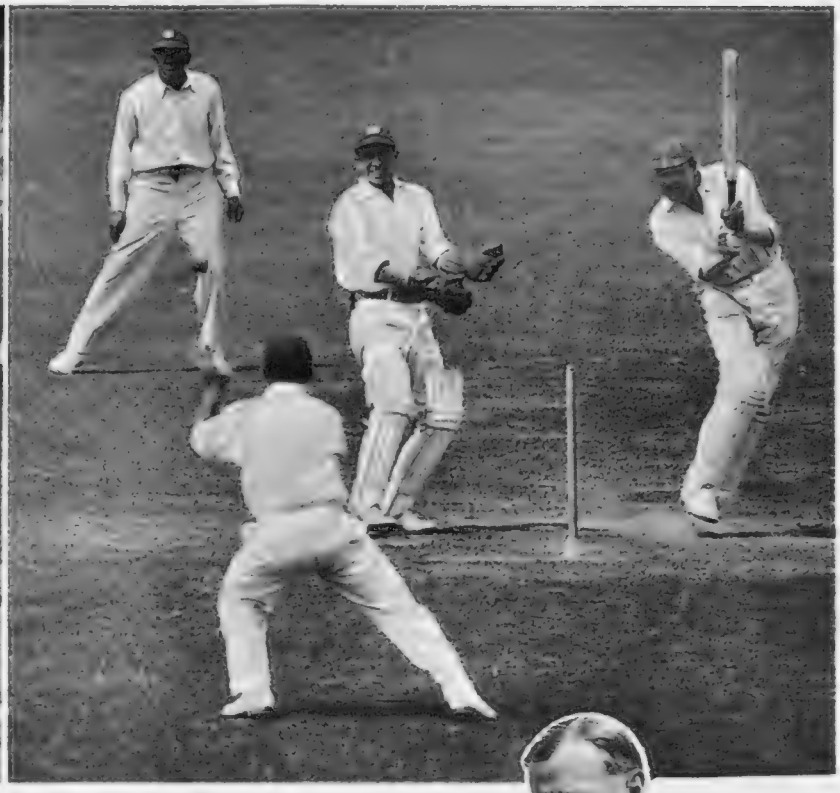
BEFORE we turn to other games, I must say a word about the preposterous protective headgear which Hendren wore when he was playing against Constantine at Lord's last week. Most of the comment on this eccentricity of Hendren's has been jocular, but, to my mind, his departure from tradition has more serious implications. It is a symbol of the hysteria which appears

Left: J. H. Duus (Manchester), who won, with 175 ft. 6½ ins., the Throwing the Javelin Competition at the Universities Athletic Union Championships, which took place at the White City

Fred Thackray, once more in the saddle again, seen with Gerald Armstrong, going out to ride his horse, Orphic, at Lewes

John Van Ryn, of Philadelphia, and George Lott, of Chicago, representing the U.S.A. in the Davis Cup against Mexico

R. Murdoch (Glasgow) winning the 100 yards final in the Universities Athletic Union Championship at the White City. The whole event was won by Oxford



A. P. F. Chapman, who played a most exuberant innings of 97 for the M.C.C. against the West Indies, smiting one to leg at Lord's off a ball from G. Headley

to be prevalent at the moment about fast bowling, and it is possible to envisage the time when batsmen will go to the wicket so heavily armoured that they will be able to treat fast bowling with complete impunity. By this I do not wish to imply that the fast bowler relies upon intimidation for his success, but it is none the less true that the speed at which a ball approaches does determine the batsman's method of playing it, and that the increase of protective devices will level out the distinctions between one pace and another. What is more, Hendren's ear-flaps seem to suggest that the modern batsman is so slow of foot and eye that he cannot take risks against an attack of any speed. This is a lamentable confession of weakness, especially when we consider that Hendren used to be one of the finest exponents of the hook against short rising balls.

INCIDENTALLY, an astonishing onslaught upon the fast bowling of Martindale and Constantine was made by Mr. S. J. Southerton, the new editor of Wisden's, who suggested that their attack gave a certain justification for the Australian protests against Larwood's methods. It is very difficult to understand how so experienced a critic as Mr. Southerton should have adopted this attitude; to begin with, the West Indians were bowling to a normal slip field, and leg-theory only occurs when the on-side is packed with a ring of fieldsmen close in. Moreover, although Constantine and Martindale were a little erratic, they were no more dangerous than any of the great fast bowlers of the past, and I should be inclined to applaud them myself for attacking with such vigour and zest. It really is time that we cleared our minds of hysterical nonsense about leg-theory.

Now, briefly, to one or two other matters. I am interested to learn that there is a possibility that Wigan Highfield, the Lancashire Rugby league club, will make their headquarters at London next year and start the Rugby league game in the south. After the success of the Rugby league final at Wembley a few weeks ago this development is hardly surprising, and I understand that the London syndicate who are financing the affair have secured an excellent ground. There is no reason why professional Rugby football should not be successful in London, for it is a fast and interesting game and should find support.

TALKING of professionalism, I was interested, by the way, to hear Lord Kimberley denouncing professional polo players at the British Sportsman's Club luncheon last week. You may remember that in these notes I commented upon professionalism in polo not long ago, and I welcome Lord Kimberley's arraignment of the evil. Without question, the fact that certain people bid for players to sell themselves has lowered the standard of first-class polo in this country, simply because many good players refuse to associate themselves with this objectionable form of professionalism. Fortunately, it appears that the authorities have decided to stamp it out for good and all.

Above: Cook, the Sussex professional, returning to the pavilion at Hove after making a score of 161 for Sussex v. Gloucester

Left: Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, godfather to Master Bosanquet (in arms), Mrs. Bosanquet, and B. J. T. Bosanquet, who is also the father of "the Googly," after the christening at Loxwood Church, Sussex

At Their Majesties' Courts

Hay Wrightson

Lady Vaughan, the wife of Lieut.-General Sir Louis Vaughan, K.C.B., K.B.E., presented Miss Margaret Evans at the third Court. Miss Evans is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Evans; a dance was given for her two weeks ago at the Dorchester

Miss Mehroo Ardeshir is the daughter of Sir Dhunjibhoy and Lady Bombanji, of the Willows, Windsor, and was presented at one of the May Courts by Lady Maude Hoare

Peter North

Another of the presentations at the third Court was that of Miss Elizabeth Hare by her mother, Mrs. Hare. Miss Elizabeth Hare chose all-white for her dress with its puffed sleeves, and train; her mother wore grey, with a green-lined train

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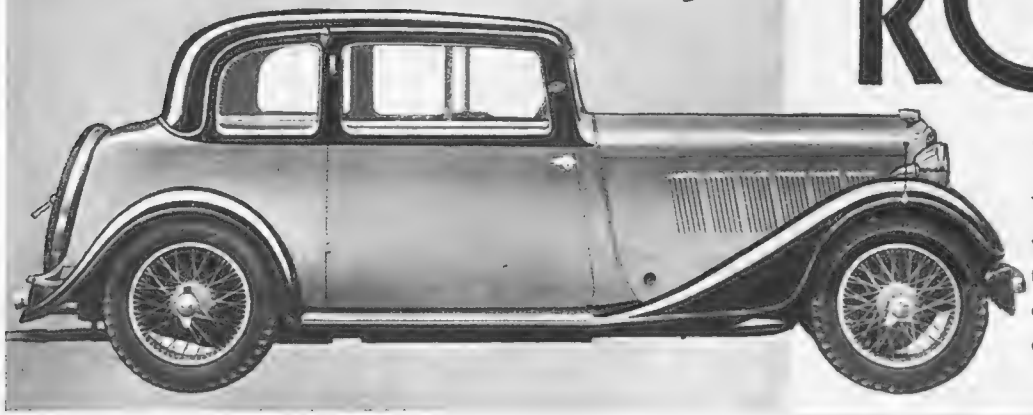

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"The Scribe" in the Autocar—31.3.33

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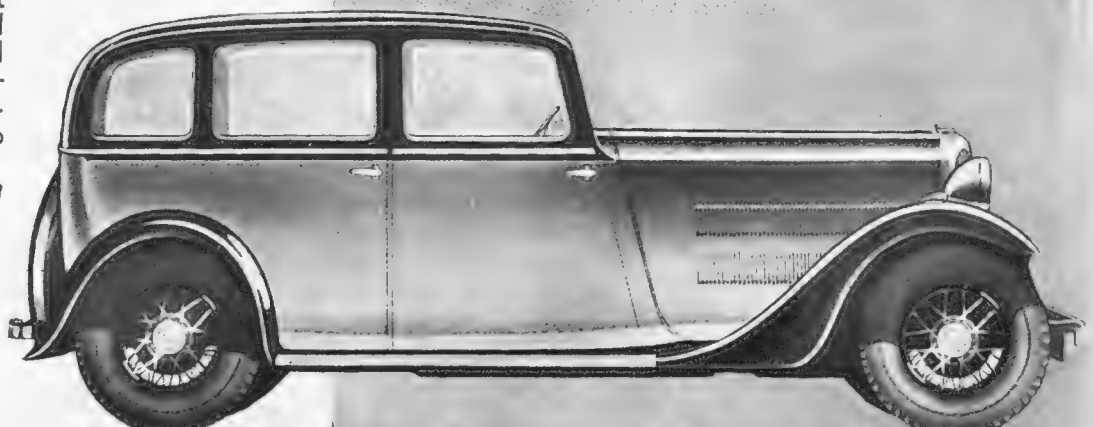

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

THERE was, as anticipated, a last-minute rush of entries for the Grand National, and at the time of writing it is an interesting fact that over a third of the total number of greyhounds entered are owned by women. Mrs. O'Keeffe, the well-known Irish woman owner, has two representatives in Gaulsmill Again and Cowboy II. Both of these dogs are trained privately, but they are well known to London racegoers. Mrs. Trolloppe owns Buckil Macanta; Miss Dowding owns Scallywag II., which is trained at Winbledon; Mrs. Lester owns Inchacoumbe Boy, another privately trained dog; Miss Page owns Prudent Ben, which is trained by Green at West Ham; Miss Hampton owns Herons Beak, which is trained rather aptly by Hawksley at Catford; and Mrs. Hopkins owns the famous Carraroe, the dog trained by Dixon, which is such a popular and successful favourite at the White City.

From Another Angle

A new photograph of greyhounds breaking away from the trap for a hurdle trial at Harringay. It is a clear illustration of the dogs' action in speed, showing the two on the left gathered together for the forward spring, and the right-hand dog seen at full stretch

LOOKING down the list of entries, Harringay has a great chance with Long Hop and Paddy Lines, but Wembley has three first-class hurdlers in Jeffs Romeo, Gloriosa and Jack Mac. The White City is represented principally by its champion, Carraroe, but there remain Roving Martin and Kordova to rush into the breach should Carraroe fail. Carraroe won a good race recently at the White City in which Long Hop was unsuccessfully interested. It can be said, of course, that Long Hop has not yet had sufficient races to be properly strung up for a public and classic appearance, but on the other hand a victory over Long Hop in any circumstances is a very praiseworthy performance indeed, and Carraroe must be taken into consideration very seriously as a very possible winner of the Grand National this year.

I HAVE previously—I hope my readers will not think too strongly—stressed the joy of this Grand National race. There can be little doubt that it is one of the great evenings at the White City, second only perhaps to the Derby night, which I may remind my readers is this year on June 24th. By the time that these words appear in print the first heats for the Grand National will have been run, and a clearer idea of the ultimate winner on June 10 will, no doubt, have been gathered by those who have watched the dogs perform. I still maintain that the dog which beats Long Hop is likely to win the race, and Long Hop has been such an old friend of mine on the tracks that I must say I am hoping for his ultimate victory. But as I have previously stated on several occasions—prognostication is not my strong point.

THERE are signs that summer evening greyhound parties are going to be as popular this year as they were last, for the recent warm weather has brought out several parties to the luxurious White City Club. The Hon. Betty Askwith, daughter of Lord Askwith, gave a party recently which included Lord and Lady Forester, the Hon. Theodora Benson, Lady Maureen Brabazon, and Captain Cazalet and Mr. Anstruther-Gray, who are, of course, the two well-known Members of Parliament. Others who have been seen dining and watching racing at the Club include Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bolton, and Colonel and Mrs. McNeile, although Colonel McNeile did not find it so easy to find winners as he apparently does to write thrillers. Colonel McNeile followed this visit to the White City by going out to Northaw and seeing exactly how the dogs were trained and looked after at those very efficient racing kennels, and he was so much impressed that I understand he is contemplating becoming an owner.

Sartorial Poetry

STYLE in cut is not only a matter of proportion and relativity of line. Our cutters adapt our own particular style to each individual figure, using the utmost care and intelligence in drafting each customer's pattern. It is possible in the art of cutting to do more to reduce the appearance of men of stout build than months of dieting.

These miracles are achieved more by the artistry of our cutting than by the design of our materials, though naturally our salesmen advise each customer as to the type of design most suitable to his physique.

In the case of a new White Dress Waistcoat we have designed, however, the effect lies as much in the material as in the cut.

Although more general licence is granted to Dress Waistcoats than to most garments, good taste naturally demands that any variation should be inconspicuous.

As an alternative to the inevitable Sunk Diamond or Marcella pattern, a diagonal weave is accepted by convention. Artistically, the diagonal rib should converge to the centre of the waistcoat. If both sides of a diagonal waistcoat converge at an angle of 60° the effect is artistic, and miraculously slimming.

That is the angle of our new Dress Vesting. It was necessary to have the material specially manufactured in the form of one large chevron, the diagonals converging to the centre. We had numerous pieces made before we obtained one with the correct angle and the right size of diagonal rib—wide enough to be effective, but not so wide as to be conspicuous.

This design—which is, of course, in perfect taste—blends in with the lines of our Dress Waistcoat. There is rhythm and poetry in it. Converging with the waistline its natural effect is to reduce the apparent corpulence of men of robust build.

The price of this White Dress Waistcoat is Two Guineas; the price of a Dress Suit (including a White Dress Waistcoat) is Sixteen Guineas. Lounge Suits from Ten Guineas, Dinner Suits from Fifteen Guineas.

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SPRING-CLEANING THE COMPLEXION.

Nowadays the Mask is Practical rather than Romantical, but when its Removal means a Revelation of Radiant Beauty, it is Always Carnival Time for a Woman.

In spite of daily care and cleansing, there are times when the complexion obviously calls for some extra treatment to stimulate and refresh it. This is particularly the case at this time of year. Change of temperature and diet bring about alterations in the blood, and even sunshine is apt to bring impurities to the surface. Unless the skin is particularly active, little acid secretions clog the pores. If the skin is at all sluggish, this means a coarsening of its texture, sallowness and oiliness and, if there is any tendency to black-heads or acne, serious skin trouble may supervene, unless proper treatment is given.

Fair, dry, sensitive skins suffer, too—little gouty spots or rough patches may make their appearance at this time of year. The cure for these conditions is a stimulating but bland, cleansing and antiseptic mask treatment.

There are a number of excellent beauty masks advocated by sound and genuine specialists, but the conditions I have in mind call for a rather special treatment. Masks with bases of egg and oil are excellent for refining and whitening the skin and smoothing out incipient wrinkles. Some of the so-called "mud masks" have invaluable tonic properties, but are inclined to be drying to some types of complexion.

There is one mask, which has been included for some time in the programme of a beauty specialist of established reputation, which combines the stimulating, refining and cleansing properties desirable in a beauty mask with curative, medicinal properties which dissolve all impurities and acids and leave the skin deeply cleansed and soothed.

This is the Sphagnol Mask, which is a speciality of Madame Adair's. Sphagnol is derived from peat, and it has long been known to medical science that certain of its constituents are beneficial in the treatment of skin and blood affections. Its incorporation in a smooth paste, which constitutes a perfect face mask, is another development in the science of beauty culture and, in conjunction with other beneficent ingredients, it is, in effect, a wonderfully quick and pleasant form of treatment.

The secret of success in mask treatment lies to a great extent in the method of its application *and removal*. It is important that the mask preparation should be smoothed over the face evenly, with gentle upward movements, allowed exactly the right time to set and do its work, and removed carefully so as not to stretch the skin. It is, therefore, an advantage if the first treatment, at any rate, can be taken at the Salons in Bond Street when the client will have the benefit of Madame Adair's opinion and advice about her particular complexion and its care, and the treatment is given by qualified and experienced practitioners. If this is not possible, full particulars about type, age, and constitution, should be sent, and explicit instructions asked for.

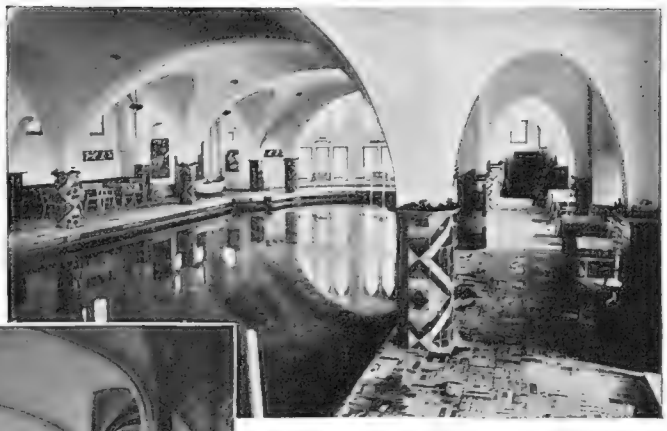
Like all serious beauty specialists, Madame Adair has treatments and preparations suited to every individual need, and I have only "picked on" the Sphagnol Mask treatment as being peculiarly valuable for some of the complexion troubles prevalent in the spring and early summer. Many doctors recommend this treatment to their patients, and, from personal experience, I can say that its effects in immediately clearing and revivifying the complexion are astonishing and heartening.

The Charm of Le Touquet

ONE of the most modern towns on the Continent, Le Touquet has become one of the smartest, and at any time during its prolonged season, which will be in full swing at Whitsun, you will find there well-known representatives of the world of fashion in a dozen of the leading countries of the world. The charming lay-out of the place, amidst the golden sand-dunes and the dark-green pines, its clear blue skies, and pure, invigorating air, draw thither the devotees of sport who prefer to practise it in under well-nigh perfect conditions, and golf, tennis, riding and polo have each their patrons, whilst at Paris-Plage near by, the famous sea-water swimming-bath, largest in Europe, and the safe, sandy bathing-beaches, provide an excellent tonic and an admirable opportunity for a laze in the sun.

And then there are the delightful little excursions one may make in the neighbourhood, over excellent roads, and when twilight comes, and you have dined as well as you will anywhere in the world, and sipped your coffee amidst beguiling music, a perfect dancing-floor and orchestra await you, or you will succumb, a very willing victim, to the fascinations of the tables. Add to all these attractions the super one, that everything done at Le Touquet is done in a manner as near perfect as possible, and you have the secret of its enormous success.

This is the keynote of the place, and of its magnificent hotels ; it is certainly that of the Hôtel Royal Picardy, which, run in collaboration with the well-known Hôtel Chambord, in Paris, has one of the finest situations in Le Touquet, and appointments, including a splendid indoor swimming-pool, which should satisfy the most exacting. If you put Le Touquet to the test, for your next trip across, and include the Hôtel Royal Picardy, you will find neither of them wanting !



The Moorish note is very much in evidence in the décor of the swimming-bath at the Hôtel Picardy, which is the place for bathing on cool days at Le Touquet

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The Doggy World

The New Sheep-Dogs : By Lady Kitty Ritson

ALSATIANS are to compete against old-English sheep-dogs this year in sheep-herding trials at some of the shows. This should prove a "draw," for it will be a novelty, and it will also be fairly matched work, for neither Alsatians nor old-English sheep-dogs have done much sheep work in this country. This is not to say that there are not a number of sheep-dogs and also Alsatians sheep-herding all over the country, but they are not generally used for the work.

NOR will they ever be, I fancy, any more than the show collie—not because their brains are not capable of it; you can educate even a show dog—but because nothing could ever beat the little working collie at his job, and I, for one, should never want to see him superseded. The average old-English sheep-dog and the Alsatian are far too big for the job, although the tendency is to breed the latter very much smaller. They would never get up the speed of the small collie, and, also, their size would frighten the sheep.

OF course, on the Continent the Alsatian is the sheep-dog of the country, and I have often attended their trials, but the work demanded of them is different. They are expected to prevent the flocks straying from the side of the road into the crops which lay alongside and which are unprotected by any fencing. They are also expected to get between sheep and passing vehicles. They have far less distance work to do and the signals between shepherd and dog are not nearly so quiet or so perfect as here.

On the other hand, the dogs that win the trials in Germany are more genuine, everyday workers, for I have been told by a good many farmers that the "trial" dogs over here would be quite useless in ordinary hill work. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but "tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

BUT, all the same, these projected trials with old-English sheep-dogs and Alsatians should be interesting and all to the good, and I understand that the work is to be of the practical order, and not too much of the "stunt" description. Side-shows at dog shows are always worth while, and I think that they often turn the thoughts of the purely "beauty" breeder in the right direction.

I OFTEN wonder why nobody has ever imported a "kelpie," the sheep-dog of Australia. They are absolute wonder workers with sheep, very, very hardy, and also most attractive to look at, being small and prick-eared—in fact, rather like a small, smooth-coated Alsatian. I have never heard of any in this country, but I should be interested to know if anybody possesses one. I should think they might compete (when trained to our type of work) with our working collies. They have a pretty hard life out in Australia, where dogs are little accounted when compared with stock, but, of course, the ordinary shepherd's working dog gets a fair allowance of blows and, like all trained dogs, the cruelty or otherwise of the training depends upon the individual. Commend me to some Alsatian handlers for senseless brutality!

Girl students attending an "out-patient" at the Beaumont Animal Hospital, the new adjunct to the Royal Veterinary College. The Hospital is the gift of Mrs. Grove-Grady, and the most up-to-date and complicated treatments will be available for animals at the maximum cost of 1s. per patient

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PAGEANTS in dress have lately been given in every possible form, at hotels, on the stage, at exhibitions and aboard ship, but the feeling nowadays is that these parades are becoming tiresome—there are too many of them and too many people at them.

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White kid gloves, with gauntlet of black-and-white check silk - 26/9

Hat in black pedal straw, trimmed soft shade of pink ribbon - - 79/9

On Near Left:

Gown in printed crêpe-de-Chine, brilliant colours on black ground, with cape sleeves - - - - - 8½ GNS.

Long Mousquetaire suede gloves, trimmed with open smocking - 32/9

Hat in Natural straw, trimmed field flowers - - - - - 59/6

Gathered chiffon sunshade to tone with gown - - - - - - 69/6

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Guns that Stimulate: By Max Baker

A RATHER clever advertiser recently pointed out that £100 spent on a new gun was a far more attractive investment than the same money put out at the now customary 3½ per cent. rate of interest

Meanwhile, the arguments for being right up to date in gun equipment are stronger to-day than they have been for many years past. The changing conditions of sport demand a standard of skill at least as high as in the days of big bags, but without equal opportunity for gaining it. There is less sport, but more to enjoy it; the increased army of sportsmen must gain their results by means of improved guns and cartridges, plus that personal something procured at a well-equipped shooting school.

No aid that the gun can offer must be despised. It should come into alignment without conscious effort, must, in fact, obey the wishes rather than be an implement or tool with which work is done. It needs weight as well as substance, but just as many old guns emphasise their weight, so the modern types appear to have shed their inertia, in a phrase, "come up easier." The contrast is striking enough if a rack of first-class weapons of twenty or more years ago is compared with the best and latest which the salesman has to offer.

Shooters themselves are not quite of the same stamp as the men for whom the old guns were made. Work for all, finance, mass production, business lunches, do not make tough old squires.

GUNMAKERS have responded very cleverly to the new conditions. True, they can see a man at work with the gun as never before. The best shots, even more than the medium, do a lot of shooting at clay birds. Their difficulties have been noted by the expert, and have suggested the remedy.

The very stability of fundamental gun design has made the change easy. Every part and its function is known, also the sundry ways in which it goes wrong. Sweating of weight where its presence detracts is thus accomplished without danger. In many details there has been positive gain, more than ever since shortened barrels provided valuable ounces to dispose elsewhere.

Just exactly where we stand in this matter of barrel length is not as well understood as it might be. The proof that 25 inches is an efficient length by every test has definitely wiped out 30 inches as in any way desirable. The shorter 28-inch barrel is also well-nigh discredited. Thus, 27 inches becomes full length, 26½ inches a very nice length, 26 inches something really handy, and 25 inches the logical end of the story for those who discard half-measures.

GUN weight can now be almost anything you like, provided care is taken to get cartridge loads in sympathy.

The Countess of Harrington, M.F.H., one of England's best-known sportswomen, going out to the pigeon shoot which followed the recent puppy show which was held at Elvaston Castle, Derby

Definite advice I have none to offer. My own favourite gun weighs exactly 6½ lb., my mode of life adds exceptional arm-strength to a powerful physique, yet anything above the one-ounce charge destroys both enjoyment and the chance of bringing off those pretty successes that are the wine of shooting. This gun-weight and shot charge supply the rule that a gun should be four ounces heavier than 100-shot charges fired at ordinary velocity—I have no use for superlatives. By the same reasoning, a gun firing 15-16th ounce charge would weigh a bare 6 lb. 2 oz., whilst 7-8th ounce (the 16-bore load) would authorise a gun-weight of 5 lb. 11½ oz. Whether or not I am super-sensitive, these figures will serve as a useful guide for considering weight.

TO summarise, the modern gun supplies less to lift and calls for less effort. Its use needs learning, the right charge needs finding, the results obtainable from a happy combination are substantial in terms of personal efficiency. Next shooting season is still some way off: there is time to consider and to act.

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All this wizardry is at the free disposal of any reader who sends a postcard asking for the booklet, to the Publicity Department of Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Shell-Mex House, W.C.2, mentioning the name of this paper.

Sun de Luxe

Harrogate's new sun-walk, which is being opened on June 17th by Lord Horder, is a very unique thing. It is in the form of a covered corridor, built of glass that admits the ultra-violet rays. It is in particular for the before-breakfast water-drinkers, but as a "sunnery" will certainly be used by every visitor to Harrogate. Concerts will be held there in the afternoons, and it will be illuminated in the evenings.

This sun boulevard is part of a £60,000 scheme, which will ultimately include a new pump-room. There is more than a rumour of a Harrogate aerodrome, too—"the Queen of the North" certainly keeps well ahead of the times.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME DINNER DISHES

Turbot à la Crème d'Anchois

RUB 1 lb. of turbot through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of breadcrumbs which have been soaked in milk and drained as dry as possible, half a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, half a teacupful of thick cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of mace, and a dash of cayenne. Then fold in the beaten white of four eggs, turn into a turban mould, and steam for twenty minutes. Fill the centre with green peas. Pour round the form a rich cream sauce flavoured with anchovy sauce. serve very hot.

Poulet à la Marengo

CUT up a chicken into joints and cook it in olive oil and a little salt; put in the legs before the other pieces, as they take longer to cook. When a good colour, and nearly done, add a bouquet of mixed herbs, pepper, a dozen mushrooms, and some slices of truffles. Place the chicken on a dish and add some oil, drop by drop, to some Italian sauce, stirring the whole time; when warm, pour over the chicken and garnish with sippets of fried bread, then squeeze a little lemon over all.

Seakale à la Morny

BOIL some seakale in plenty of salted water and the juice of a lemon, and when done drain on a sieve. Arrange it neatly on a slice of toast, and pour over carefully a layer of bechamel sauce, sprinkle over some grated cheese, season with white pepper and a pinch or two of paprika. Pour over some melted butter, and dredge lightly with a few breadcrumbs. Place the dish in a very hot oven, long enough to brown the top, and serve hot.

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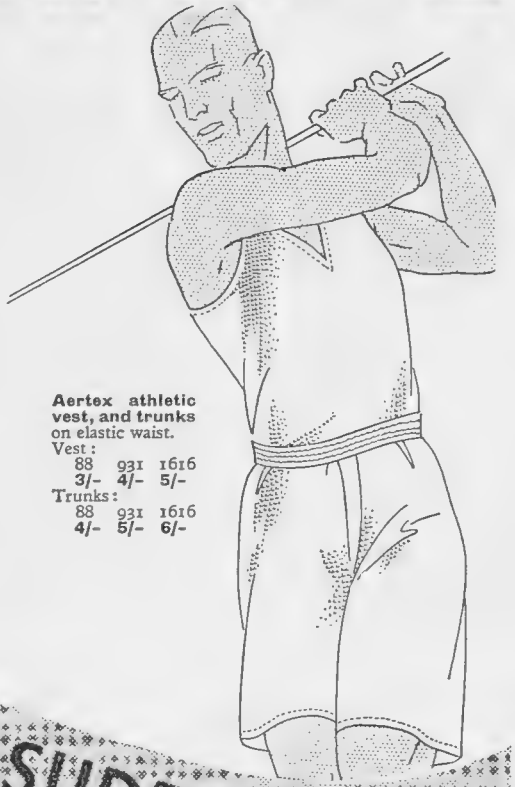

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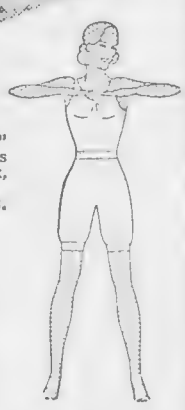

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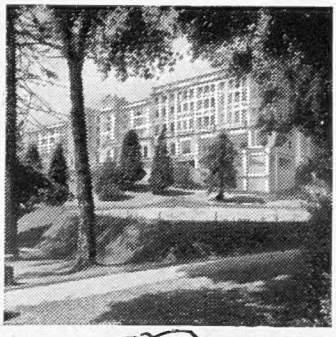

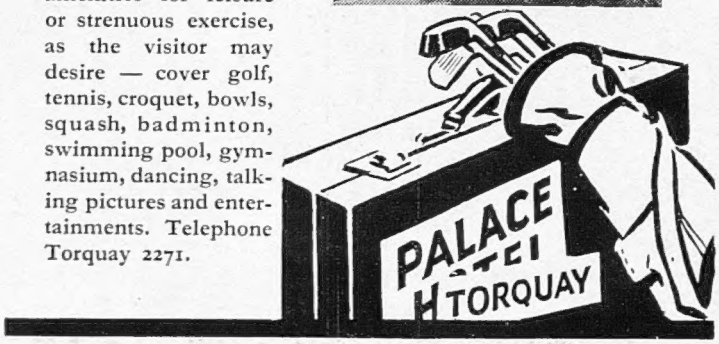

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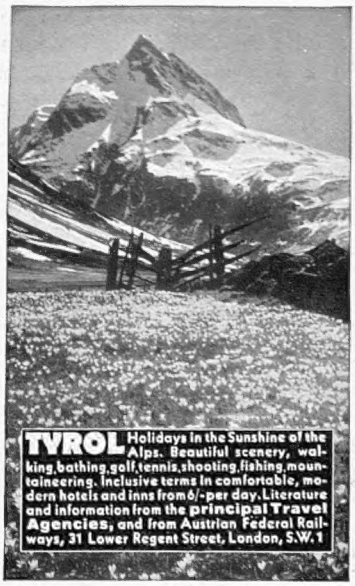

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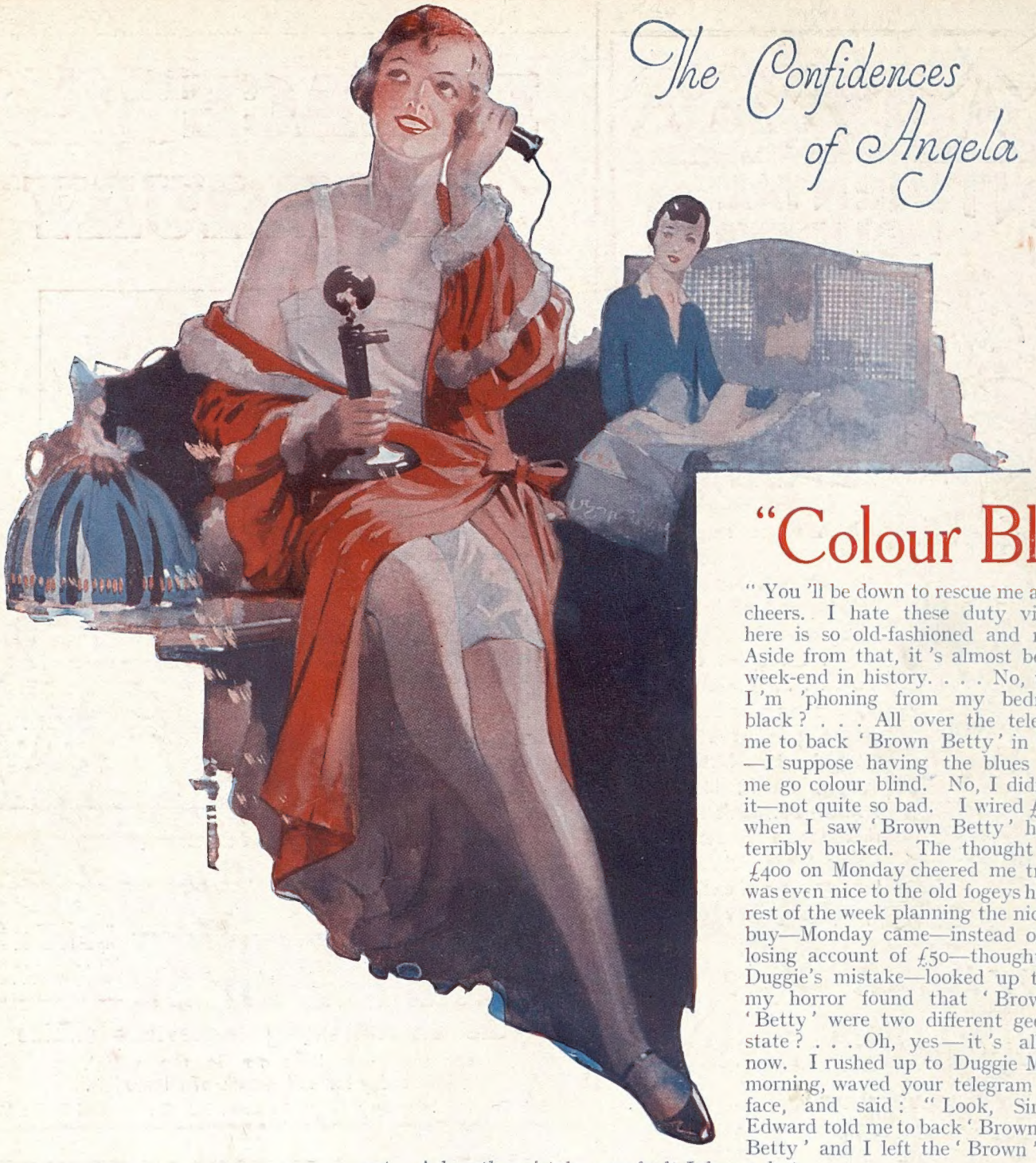

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